

WORLD #202 – The One with a Generic Average Harry

It was a cooler than average July night. Harry was sweating as he tossed and turned in the throes of a nightmare. “No Cedric! I’m sorry!”

The moon was full and lit up the cool crisp sky.

“I’m sorry, Sirius!” Harry cried in his sleep. “It’s all my fault!”

Every night since he had returned from Hogwarts had gone the same way. The people who he loved. All staring at him with blank eyes. Telling him exactly what his heart feared most of all to be true.

“It’s your fault we’re dead!”

“You killed me Harry. You killed me.”

“I should have let you die!”

“No,” Harry begged. “No! I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to... I didn’t want you to...”

“Freak!”

“Worthless!”

“No one will ever love you!”

“So who’s next? You going to get the Weasleys killed soon?”

“I hate you. You don’t deserve to live.”

Every night Harry suffered the emotional pain and turmoil. He watched each of them die. Or he watched the assembly line of everyone he knew slowly walk into the Veil. All those hollow, lifeless eyes stared at Harry and blamed him for their deaths.

And every night he relived those haunting words Sybill Trelawney predicted before he had even been born.

*“The one with the power to -Crucio- the Dark Lord approaches ...
Born to those who have thrice -Crucio- him, born as the seventh*

month dies ... And the Dark Lord will -Crucio- him as equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not ... And either must -Crucio- at the hand of the other for neither can -Crucio- while the other -Crucio- .

A teary-eyed Harry slowly swam to consciousness, awfully confused at the strange interpretation of the Prophecy he had just dreamt.

“Crucio!”

Harry wiped the crust from eyes, and shook his head, wondering what his dream meant. He had barely realized that last exclamation had been in the waking world when a cold voice from nearby outside called out *“Crucio!”*

Harry jumped to attention having heard that one clearly. He wandlessly summoned his wand to his hand. Earlier in the summer he had discovered he had a gift for wandless magic if he just concentrated hard enough. Not to mention he could practice it freely without the Ministry ever knowing. He crouched down and peered out the window, trying to assess what was going on.

He counted a dozen Death Eaters in a circle around a single person. Half of them had their wands trained and were holding *Cruciatus* curses on the single figure laying on the ground convulsing.

Harry grabbed his broom and pulled on the window to hurry out and help the wizard that Harry suspected to be the Order member guarding his summer prison. Only the window was locked. Harry couldn't believe it. The Dursleys never locked it, and Harry knew he had it open just a few hours earlier. Harry sent a wandless *Alohomora* at the window latch. No change. Harry sent a wandless *Reducto* at the glass of the window. Again nothing. Harry hurried to his door to just run outside and found that it was locked too. He sent everything he could at the door and window short of using his wand and alerting the Ministry. He tried to apparate, another skill he had managed to teach himself. No luck. There were new wards, he could tell.

Harry couldn't get out of his room.

He hurried back to his window and tried to hear what was going on.

“Honestly, Potter,” Lucius Malfoy’s familiar voice drawled. “What hope did you have rushing out here? Thought you could sneak around under your invisibility cloak and stun us all?”

Harry couldn’t believe his eyes. He looked closer at the prone figure surrounded by Death Eaters. It was him. In the same pajamas he was currently wearing.

“Fuck you, Malfoy,” the mystery figure replied as he spat out some blood.

“*Crucio!*” Lucius called out again hitting the Harry clone again.

This time though, the clone wasn’t convulsing in pain. His face was twitching so slightly that it was barely noticeable. The clone sighed through clenched teeth and asked, “Don’t you have some devious plans to regale me with?”

Lucius stopped his curse in surprise. “What?”

The clone raised his arms in defeat. “I’m sitting here taking all your curses and not fighting back in the slightest. The least you could do is to give me some insight about what diabolical schemes you have in store for me and the wizarding world.”

“*Crucio!*” Another Death Eater hissed, cursing the man for daring to mock them.

Harry was just staring at the scene from his bedroom window in complete confusion.

The Harry clone grunted when the curse hit him and asked, “If I scream in pain, would that loosen your lips?”

The Death Eaters shared baffled looks.

“You guys are hopeless, aren’t you?” the Harry clone said as he rolled over onto his back and seemed to be relaxing. “How about it, Lucy? The rest of these newbies seem unable to form an individual conscious thought. Have you gotten your rocks off thinking you’re a

big man cursing the ickle school boy? Or are you actually expecting me to retaliate before I quail under your awe-inspiring power?"

"I'd like to see you try Potter," Lucius insisted narrowing his eyes and keeping his wand trained on the boy.

"Well in that case," the Harry clone cracked his neck loudly as he stretched the muscles. "Pay close attention." Before any Death Eaters could react the clone had summoned the nearest Death Eater to fall right on top of him. The unfortunate Death Eater's back was hit with three spells from his cohorts, before they realized what had happened. "Don't blink now," the muffled voice called out from under the bleeding and writhing Death Eater.

Lucius kept his wand in front of him and a shield up but was not prepared to see a foot slam into his knee, shattering the kneecap as his leg bent the wrong direction.

Harry, from the comfort of his bedroom window, was enthralled to watch this turn into a melee and then a slaughter. Knees seemed the prime targets as there were numerous cracks and small explosions of blood. A whirlwind of kicks and bludgeoning curses were all followed by stunners to quiet the screaming. A few Death Eaters went flying back dozens of feet slamming onto the concrete road unconscious. It had been barely a minute or so when there were just two people conscious and standing. One looked identical to Harry, aside from the blood-stained pajamas and steel-toed boots. The other was a still masked Death Eater and he looked way too nervous as he tried to stare down the boy he thought to be Harry Potter.

The Harry clone tilted his head and smiled. "Professor? Any preference on how we handle this?"

"Who the hell are you?" the now recognizable voice of Severus Snape mumbled.

The Harry clone sighed. "Alright, fine. No input from you." A bright purple ball of magic flew out of the clone's empty hand, decimating the man's shield, followed immediately by the familiar red of a stunner. Professor Snape crumpled to the ground unconscious.

The Harry clone looked up towards his bedroom window and waved. "I'll be with you in a just a second." His eyes narrowed and he pointed up at Harry. "Don't do anything stupid."

The clone walked over towards Lucius, cast what looked like a body bind, and then woke him from the stunner. He sat Lucius up, held open his eyelids, and just stared into his eyes. After a minute or so of Lucius twitching in struggle and panic, the clone stopped the staring and asked, "You ever been hit with a muggle stunner?"

The clone smiled at the confusion in Lucius' eyes. He reared back and exploded a punch to the petrified man's face, breaking his nose into a bloody mess, and knocking him out the good old fashioned muggle way. As he stood up, the clone walked the long way around stepping on Professor Snape a few extra times than was necessary. He then woke up one of the Death Eaters that had been only stunned early on in the firefight.

"Do you want to live?" the clone asked him.

The man guffawed at him apparently ignoring the carnage that befell his brethren. "Oh please Potter, you don't have it in you to kill. I know all about your goody, goody attitude and-"

"*Silencio!*" The uninterested clone incanted. He made a show of holding up the man's wand right in front of him and snapped it cleanly in two. The Death Eater's eyes widened and the clone took advantage of his shock. He quickly swung both arms high into the air and slammed the two broken halves of wand cleanly through the silenced Death Eater's hands. His face showed the pain and agony he was in, but the charm held as his mouth was open in a silent scream.

The Harry clone put his hands up to his eyes as fists and made a mocking face. "Oh boo hoo hoo. I'll *Crucio* children but a couple of splinters and I'm crying like a bitch." The cold conviction in the clone's voice had even Harry worried.

The Death Eater was just staring down in fascination at the sight of his wand halves going in one side of his palm and coming out the back. He put one hand up to his mouth to bite down on the piece of

wand and pull it out, since neither hand seemed capable of adequately gripping the pieces of wand.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," the clone warned him with a shake of his finger. "Right now, those pieces of wand are acting as a cork keeping you from losing too much blood. You pull them out, and you'll probably lose consciousness from the head rush, and then you'll bleed out and die in the street."

The Death Eater looked at the clone in complete confusion.

The clone removed the silencing charm and asked once more, completely normally, "Let's try again. Do you want to live?"

"Y- y- yes," the Death Eater stuttered out.

"Lovely," the clone smiled. "Because it's late, and I really should get back to bed. Got to get up early and get started on my homework. I *am* a student you know. And I really don't want to deal with this hassle. So you need to gather up all your moronic friends here, and clean up this mess you've made."

The Death Eater nodded his head feebly, though he seemed to be getting a bit dizzy.

He was dragging all of his comrades together and the clone was directing him towards where two large pieces of bone had landed. When he had them all in a pile, after the clone had *Scourgified* all the blood stains and *Reparoed* the chunks of road that had gone missing, the Death Eater looked towards the clone hopefully.

The clone held out a necklace with a pendant. "This is Lucius' portkey. You take all these morons with you. If you want to live, go immediately to your half-blood bastard of a Master and tell him exactly what happened. If you lie, he will kill you. If you hesitate, he will kill you. If you try to run, he will kill you. But if you act like a weak-willed subservient piece of trash and as though you are lucky to be given the privilege of licking the toe jam from his filthy lizard like feet, then you will *probably* live. And if I were you, I'd also tell my other moronic friends what happened here and why it might not be such a hot idea to go down with that useless waste of a wizard. Voldemort is

not immortal. Voldemort is not a god. He will not give you any power. He's going to die. And I'm going to be the one to make sure his last moments are extremely painful and drawn out. But right now, I still have some homework that's a lot more important than madmen with delusions of grandeur. Good night."

With a whispered word, the portkey triggered taking away the still shocked and confused Death Eater with his snapped wand stabbed through his hands, and his eleven other crippled and unconscious comrades.

The clone took one last look around to make sure the street looked perfectly normal and not as if it had just been a battleground. With a near silent pop, he reappeared in the smallest bedroom of Number Four Privet Drive.

"I'm impressed," the clone said to Harry. "You didn't do anything stupid."

"Are you me... from the future?" Harry asked what he thought may be himself.

"Guess we were saving that piece of stupid," The clone mumbled quietly. He sighed. "No, I'm not you. And in about seven more minutes this Polyjuice will wear off."

"Oh," Harry deflated a little disappointed. "I was hoping I might learn how to fight like that through some ridiculous extenuating circumstance."

The clone shrugged. "Not this time, but I've seen it happen to you before."

Harry looked at his clone confused. "What? And who are you?"

The clone smiled and said, "Knowing our luck, this shouldn't be too hard to believe, but I'm Harry Potter. Nice to meet you."

Harry was even more confused now. "But you're not me from the future?"

The clone shook his head. "Nope. I've only been in this world about three hours now. First two of that was watching you sleep."

The clone's watch beeped three times and the man hurriedly cast some *Finites* on the illusions covering his pajamas. They transformed into slightly oversized battle fatigues, with an invisibility cloak shimmering on the inside lining of the apparently reversible robe. It was at this point the Polyjuice wore off, and the clone's body grew a few inches taller, his muscles expanded into far more respectable physique, and his face seemed to simply age right before Harry's eyes. A number of scars grew on the right side of his face, nothing horribly disfiguring, but most intriguing to Harry was to see his trademark lightning bolt scar fade and disappear.

"You don't have the scar!" Harry exclaimed.

"I don't have the link to Voldemort," the older Harry corrected. "But some scars run a bit deeper than the surface."

"Why don't you have the link?" Harry asked. "And should I call you... Harry?"

"It'd be too confusing if I went by Harry," The older man shook his head. "You mind if I smoke in here?"

Harry furrowed his brow and shrugged, while the older man sparked a cigarette.

"Thanks," the older Harry said as he exhaled happily. "And you can call me A.K." He smiled widely. "It's a nickname one of you gave me. And I like it."

"Alright A.K.," Harry said a little worried at the connotations of that particular name. "So umm... what are you doing here?"

A.K. sat back and relaxed. "I'm here to evaluate your progress, and offer my services if they're needed or wanted."

"Services in what?"

A.K. raised an eyebrow. "Voldemort killing, mainly."

“Oh,” Harry sagged sadly. “I don’t know how successful you’ll be...” he trailed off uncertainly and still a bit cautious about this character.

A.K. nodded. “No need to pussyfoot around me boy. I know you just heard the Prophecy probably a couple weeks ago. But it won’t stop me. Even if you have everlasting faith in the ruddy thing. As you know, *either must die at the hand of the other.*”

Harry’s eyes widened to realize A.K. *did* in fact know the Prophecy.

A.K. nodded. “I had that one too. But if it makes you feel better, think of me as the *other*. Therefore old Snakeface can die at my hand just as easily as yours. Because when you break it down, I’m still Harry Potter, just like you are.”

“How?” Harry asked. “I mean, how are you *me*?”

A.K. shook his head. “I’m not you. But we’re both Harry Potter. This ain’t my world, this is your world. I made sure the Voldemort on my world was gone for good. And now I go around helping out other Harry Potters with our Voldemort problems. And from what I saw kid, you need a lot of work.”

“What do you mean?”

A.K. broke out his worst Hagrid impression. “You’re a wussy, Harry. And a thumpin’ sad one, I’d say.” He sighed and explained, “You were crying like a bitch. You need an emotional anchor, years of battle training, and a significant change in attitude. If I hadn’t been here, those morons would probably have beat you down and taken you to Voldemort tonight.”

“But what about the Order guarding me?” Harry asked confused. “Wait! Where was the Order member guarding me?”

“Snivellus?” A.K. smirked. “Why he was busy pretending to be cursing me at full strength, hoping not to blow his cover.”

“What!”

A.K. nodded. "Yeah, I was just sitting here watching you when I heard him swear and disappear. I figured he had to have just been called away. In case anything was up, I locked you in here, and waited to see if they were coming here to strike. They did. So I made myself look like you and..." He paused and got a satisfied smile. "And decided to scare them a bit."

"You did more than scare them!" Harry insisted. "I think you may have permanently crippled some of them."

A.K. looked pleased. "Now *you* know that, and I know that. But everyone else in this world thinks that you were the one who crippled them."

Harry looked surprised as he hadn't realized that. The Death Eaters were going to be afraid of him now.

"So," A.K. continued. "Since you're up, tell me, how are your convictions?"

Harry frowned. "Huh?"

"Could you kill Voldemort?"

"I..." Harry stopped and wondered. "I... don't know."

"Why not?"

"I don't want to become a murderer." Harry sighed.

"You think putting down a rabid dog is murder?"

Harry frowned and winced. "He's still a man."

"No he's not," A.K. said with complete certainty. "A *man* does not die and come back. A *man* doesn't need a dark ritual to fashion himself a new body. Let alone the crimes that he has committed have earned him death many times over. Whether you grow the cojones to pull the trigger yourself or you sit up here crying away the rest of your crappy life, that rabid dog is going to be put down."

"I don't cry," Harry meekly argued.

"Right. Neither does Chang." A.K. assured him. "This isn't a matter of murder. It's a question of you being capable of what's required. And right now, I don't think you are."

Harry was getting a bit fed up with this hard ass. "I've learned a lot of wandless magic this summer. I'm figuring out how to be the person I need to, and exchanging letters with my friends has helped."

"Hermione grow a nice rack last year?" A.K. asked.

Harry looked horrified.

"Nevermind. Guess you finally noticed Ginny?"

Harry blushed and his eyes unconsciously went towards her latest letter on his desk.

A.K. responded the most natural way he knew and bitch-slapped Harry. "Oww!" Harry moaned grabbing his rapidly reddening cheek. "Gosh darnit to heck, that hurt!"

"Harry," A.K. explained with a sigh. "You're a typical above average power wizard worrying about puberty, love, and mourning your dad's chum that you barely knew. You've probably spent more time in the bathroom whacking to thoughts of the littlest Weasley than you have contemplating ways to end Voldemort."

Harry couldn't believe what he was hearing and wouldn't meet A.K.'s eyes.

"I'm not blaming you, kid. It's not your fault that you're trying to be a teenager and stupidly acting like one," A.K. assured him. "But as a result of your situation, I'd say the odds are pretty good you're going to die soon, and Voldemort will become nearly immortal if that happens. And of course the wizarding world will collapse into anarchy, your parents sacrifice will have been for very little, and more than likely he will attract the muggles' attention and get bombed to hell, eventually leading towards World War III and the destruction of the planet."

Harry looked at A.K. as though he were crazy.

“Don’t look at me like that,” A.K. argued. “You’re the one trusting a 160 year old guy to make your decisions. Hell almost half the muggles over 85 have Alzheimer’s by that point. You really expect Dumbledore to still know what’s best for you? Or the Wizarding World?”

“But he’s the Headmaster...” Harry weakly argued.

A.K. nodded. “Sure, sure. Great man. But rewind a little over a decade and take a look at how he handled things leading up to Halloween 1981 and then immediately after. And then tell me if you think the last 15 years have improved his judgment?”

Harry frowned uncertainly.

“I have all the respect in the world for the man and his power,” A.K. explained. “He’s helped me in the past, he’s one of the most skilled and accomplished wizards of all time. But he’s older than dirt. 80 years ago, I’d probably take anything he told me as solid fact. But in this day and age, even assuming his motives are pure... it’s a lot easier for him to forget obvious things. Like the idea that the Power of Love could defeat the Dark Lord. Especially as it concerns a freakish, hated, mistreated, and neglected kid who had a shitty childhood... no thanks in large part to him.”

“What? But-”

“It’s an idealist’s false hope. Trust me. I’ve seen too many worlds where Harry Potter was killed and Voldemort took over. I mean do you even understand *love*? Have any certainty that you *love* someone?”

Harry started to open his mouth.

“No,” A.K. jumped in. “You don’t. But you do know the power of *Avada Kedavra*. And that one’s defeated an awful lot more people than love. Love’s great for causing pain, but it’s rarely a killer.”

“Would a Killing Curse even work on Voldemort?”

A.K. shook his head. "Here? Nope. It'd piss him off and hurt if you connected, but it wouldn't kill him. It's a pretty damn weak Voldemort that dies from one of those."

Harry sagged in disappointment.

"Not that I'm sure you could even cast one properly any time soon," A.K. mused.

"So then how? Or what?" Harry asked realizing he didn't know how to cast a Killing Curse.

"Right now, I'm inclined for you to live as normal and let me fly solo on this one but I feel the one thing Harry Potter never gets is a choice, so I'm leaving it up to you." A.K. stated. "But I could be wrong about you too. Tell me are you the Heir to Gryffindor?"

"Err," Harry paused and thought about it. "Not as far as I know."

"Alright, how about another founder? Maybe your mum was secretly the Heir to Slytherin? Or Merlin?"

"No," Harry shook his head. "Muggle-born to the best of my knowledge."

"Any special gifts you have? Aside from being bilingual, which is more parlor trick than gift."

"Bilingual?"

"Parseltongue."

"Oh right," Harry remembered. "Err... I'm a pretty fair flyer?"

A.K. shook his head. "You really want to be treated like a child, don't you?"

"Huh?"

"You're wasting my time, unless you know a way to *fly* him to death I called you 'boy' earlier and you didn't stick up for yourself even though I know how much we hate that name. You've barely made any

effort to determine the truth of what I'm telling you, and half your mind is still on the redheaded bint!"

Harry huffed. "You don't have to use such harsh language you know. What did Ginny ever do to you?"

"Besides often distracting the world's only hope and therefore dooming countless worlds and civilizations? Well, she's betrayed me, cheated on me, with Draco no less, doused me with hundreds of love potions, spread lies, rumors, or worse, her legs. She's become a Death Eater, she's become a spy, she's double-teamed Crabbe and Goyle to try and make me jealous. I can't even count the number of times she's slapped me," Harry rolled his eyes melodramatically, "out of love."

"Alright, alright," Harry pleaded with him to stop, fearing all the images running through his head. "Those were different Ginny's though. Not my Ginny," Harry stopped immediately and asked himself, "When did she become mine?"

A.K. rolled his eyes and bitch-slapped Harry again. "Let's finish this before I decide to kill you for ruining our good name."

Harry was just rubbing his cheek wondering about Ginny still. "With Draco? Really?"

A.K. shrugged. "For what it's worth, I killed them both. But you, I still need to hear about. Any special relationships with ancient or powerful beings? Any gifts with special magics?"

Harry shook his head. "Don't think so."

"Elves? House Elves? Goblins? Phoenixia? Dragons? Vampires?"

Harry just shook his head.

"Not a metamorphmagus? Or some new impossibility of animagus? Perhaps an elemental? Or even Enchanter, Battle Mage, High Mage, Shadow Mage, or Necromancer?"

Harry shrugged. "Never even heard of those last few."

A.K. nodded. "Good, good."

"That's good?" Harry asked confused.

"Hmm? Oh," A.K. shook his head. "For you, it doesn't matter. You'd be getting in the way a lot more than you'd be helpful. But it's a sign that your Voldemort is pretty uninspired too. Probably just a powerful, homicidal, psychotic megalomaniac. *That's* good."

"I knew it," Harry muttered as his bottom lip trembled. "I am worthless."

"Oh for Satan's sake, stop being such a damn pansy! Get some emotional help. Grief counseling or something." A.K. saw the undisguised emotion on Harry's face. "And not just as an excuse to snuggle with that ginger tart! Get professional help."

Harry reluctantly nodded in agreement.

"Now, everything you wanted has happened for you. You can act and pretend to be normal without a bloody Dark Lord or prophecy hanging over your head. But remember, people are always going to be trying to kill you because," A.K. shrugged. "Well, you're Harry Potter. You will not have to become a murderer or anything like that anytime soon, let's hope. Go ahead, be an idiot, and marry right out of school if you're that immature. You can fire up the Weasley baby factory if that's what floats your boat."

Harry blushed and refused to respond to that. "So what are you going to do?"

"Me?" A.K. got a devious grin. "I'm going to track me a Voldemort and kill him. And when I do, I'm going to get you, and we're going to spin up a story about how Harry Potter killed the Dark Lord. Even if the Ministry is stupid enough to question you, the truth will be Harry Potter killed him, and you are Harry Potter."

"But I won't have..."

"Yeah well, according to everyone that matters, they're expecting it from you. Even the fates and prophecy. Now here's where it is on

you.” A.K. insisted pointing straight at Harry, making sure he had his complete attention. “Knocking off the big bad man is going to make you the prime target for future Dark Lords. So you have *got* to keep up your studies. I figure the cred for killing Voldie should give you several years before any new sort of a threat shows up, but they always do eventually and you better be ready for them. You are an above average power wizard. With a good reputation and our knack for luck, that’s all you’ll ever have to be.”

Harry nodded accepting what he was being told. “You’re so sure you’ll be able to kill Voldemort?” Harry asked. “I mean even the Headmaster is only just a match for him.”

A.K. nodded with complete and absolute certainty. “It’s what I do, kid. And I *am* damn good at it.”

It was about a month later, Harry had been hoping to get out sooner and maybe stay at the Burrow. He was going in two days, and he would get to spend the last three days before school started back up at the Weasley’s.

He’d been sleeping far more peacefully, ever since he’d met up with A.K. At first, Harry wondered if maybe he’d dreamt that whole night, but when a pissed off Potions Professor demanded to know what the hell was going on, Harry realized it had been real. He started to feel a little guilty at the idea that someone else was doing a duty required of him. But took some comfort when he realized it was a stronger him doing it. And it would be up to Harry to become as strong as he knew he could. And it would be up to him, and his presence, to make sure there weren’t problems like this in the future. But for now, he could just be a teenager. The more he thought about it, the more sense A.K. made. He was a teenager. The idea that he would marry Ginny and they would have lots of babies and live happily ever after was a fine dream. But it was still his dream as a teenager. And now, knowing he could have a future, he wondered if it would still be his dream once he grew up a bit. Once he wasn’t living life as a second class citizen, blindly doing what the adults around him told him to.

Just before rolling over to sleep, his musings were cut off when his scar started tingling like crazy. It wasn't hurting, and if anything a dull ache he'd been ignoring seemed to be going away. Harry's eyes were wide at the implications. He wondered if it meant what he thought, so thinking positively, he got up and got dressed. Just as he finished putting his pants, there was a near silent pop. A blood-soaked slightly limping but brightly smiling A.K. appeared in his room.

A.K. took a look at Harry and grinned. "You look like you're doing a lot better. Ready for this?"

"He's really gone?" Harry asked hopefully.

A.K. nodded. "Should be... didn't you feel it in your scar and link to him?"

Harry nodded. "It's like a pain I didn't know I felt has gone away."

"Yup, that sounds about right," A.K. agreed. "I stunned Dung and just *obliviated* the last two hours from his head. Would have gone for more, but he's only been on shift for two. So let's make this fast."

A.K. grabbed hold of Harry's shoulder. "You need to see what you've done." And with a pop A.K. apparated the pair of them away and into a rich opulent manor.

"Where are we?" Harry asked.

"Know how to apparate?" A.K. asked.

Harry nodded, closed his eyes and popped himself to the other side of A.K.

A.K. sighed and started leading Harry out of the den and towards the dungeons. "Alright, this is Malfoy Manor. Your scar burned and you got a vision. You'd been training and planning on your own this summer and knew where Voldemort would be. Sirius' death and the knowledge of the Prophecy were making you antsy. You wanted it done, so you went after him."

A.K. led him down some stone stairs. Harry noted the fresh blood decorating many of the walls and began to feel a bit ill. "Don't get queasy on me, Harry." A.K. ordered. "You saw muggles being tortured in your vision and didn't have time to contact anyone. You apparated straight through the wards here, and were under immediate attack. You were hit with several *Cruciatus* and kept having to duck Killing Curses. You returned in kind with bludgeoning and blasting curses."

Harry frowned and asked, "Aren't they going to test me for-"

"*Crucio!*" A.K. called out and held it on Harry for about five seconds.

Harry fell to the floor, biting his tongue, holding in his scream. The curse was surprisingly less painful than normal.

"There you go," A.K. grinned having enjoyed that more than he'd like to admit. "I tried to keep that as harmless as possible but you've got the evidence on you now. Now you should know, when you get hit with it again-

"Let's hope I don't."

"You will," A.K. assured him. "And don't interrupt me. It is the most painful experience there is. But that's all it is. Pain. You're not being cut, your body is only tensing in response to the pain, and it's only one sensation. It's no different than trying to ignore your hunger when you haven't eaten in days. It's a feeling, emotion, sensation of pain. The brain's response to it, the body's convulsions, and instinctual reactions to it are where it becomes permanently damaging. But as long as you keep it as just pain, it won't physically hurt you. Occlumency helps you to focus it as pain. That actually makes it more painful, but it's under your control then. And the peace of mind of controlling your pain makes it enough for you to ignore and still function."

Harry was listening to A.K.'s impromptu lecture and just looking at the carnage all around. There were bodies in pieces and the entire floor was coated in blood. A large chunk of Nagini was identifiable and appeared as though acid had eaten the snake from the inside out.

Harry paused, processing what he had been told. "Wait, so you're saying anyone can overcome the *Cruciatus*?"

"No!" A.K. insisted, leading Harry towards a back ritual room. "No one can overcome it as far as I know. And it cannot be blocked. It is essentially pure focused pain. But there's probably a couple dozen people in the world who know pain, have felt it enough, that can get along well enough in spite of it. You're one of them. Probably most of the others are Death Eaters, but don't let that bother you. Think of it this way, the curse makes the pain but if you turn it into agony, you're in charge of it. And you can do other things at the same time."

Harry took one look in the back room and gasped "What the hell is that?"

A.K. smiled. "That, Harry, is what is left of Voldemort. For your story's sake, you can desire to keep quiet all you like, and just tell people the truth that you really wanted him gone. You forced your magic into something you don't understand and it responded."

"And that killed Voldemort?"

A.K. nodded. "People don't want it to be anything anyone else could have done. Or a normal way someone else could have killed him sooner. Makes them feel less guilty."

"Okay, so that's the story," Harry nodded looking at what appeared to be a mutated side of ham that went halfway through a shredder. "But seriously... what is that?"

A.K. smiled. "You probably don't want to know. But I needed to force Voldemort's soul back into a singular location basically, so it took a few tricks here and there, after I had subdued him."

"So that's really... Voldemort?"

A.K. nodded. "Yup, and it has to be, so that it can be proven to be him, and really gone this time. Traces of his destroyed soul remain, as well as... I guess that's sort of what would happen if he did his rebirth ritual into an aborted fetus' body."

"Oh my god..." Harry said looking at the small sack of flesh. He walked over to it and kicked him a little. A pustule of sorts popped spewing some thick black substance onto the ground.

"Like I said, kid," A.K. summarized. "You weren't ready for this, and it would've taken you too long to grow up."

Harry nodded trying to imagine the scene that must have happened here. He had to pull it off without feeling too ill.

"You'll be fine," A.K. assured him and lit a cigarette. "Look at it this way. Voldemort's dead, whether it was you or not. The person who has made your life hell forever, the bastard who killed your parents, and was responsible for every bad thing in your life is gone for good. I don't recommend telling them the truth about me, but you can if you want to. It'll end up just making you even more famous, for different reasons. Letting them think you're up to Dark Lord killing ensures peace, while you become the wizard the world already thinks you are. You've lived with the stares and danger for five years at Hogwarts. Now it'll just be the stares. You ready to send out the distress call?"

Harry was slowly nodding as he understood what he was doing. He was a bit conflicted, but more than anything elated to be able to live life without Voldemort. "It's nice to think about what sort of future I can have. Normal schoolwork, maybe professional Quidditch, hopefully a life with Ginny."

A.K. smiled. "Alright kid. You sound ready for this. But do get yourself a therapist or something. You're going to need it."

A.K. began waving his wand intricately, drawing shapes into the air, while grasping hold of the pendant around his neck. He reached the tiresome point of the spell and was whipping his wand in circles gradually building up the power necessary to cross worlds. "I'm out of here, Harry. You take care of yourself. And ten years from now, when you look at what your life is and where you are," A.K. winked as his body began to flicker incorporeal. "Just remember *Avada Kedavra* is a lot cheaper than any divorce lawyer."

And right before Harry's eyes, the scarred older Harry Potter flickered from view never to return to this world.

Author's Note: *One-shot idea grew out of control here. We won't see every world. Just about a dozen or so. Ten chapters and around fifty thousand words. Some chapters will be far more parody and humor. Some will be bitter sarcastic angry rants. Expect a chapter a day. Let me know what you think. Reviews are greatly appreciated.*

WORLD #227 – The One with the Superest Harry of Them All

A.K. looked up at the size of the manor before him. It was almost sickening in its opulence. Why anyone would want a home the size of Hogwarts, A.K. would never understand. The ornately designed front doors were sparkling with encrusted jewels and gold in a stylized large letter *P*.

A.K. took one step towards the house and a young man popped directly in front of him holding his wand straight at A.K.'s heart. A.K. saw the fire and intensity in his eyes as the young man was reacting to a perceived threat. It brought a smile to A.K.'s scarred face. "Afternoon, Harry. Quite a place you got here."

"Who are you?" the young but toned and fit Harry Potter asked. "And how did you get past the blood wards?"

A.K. shrugged. "You're hopefully a bright kid. You tell me. How would I get past the blood wards?"

Harry looked to both sides wondering why his protection griffins and dragons hadn't prevented this man from entering. He considered what it would take to get past the blood wards and came to the only conclusion he could given the striking similarities between himself and this stranger. His wand dropped to the side, as his eyes' welled up with unshed tears. "Da- Dad?"

A.K. snorted and shook his head. "No, you stupid orphan," A.K. chuckled before raising his hands as Harry pointed his wand back at him. "Hold on now, Harry. My story isn't always the most believable but it's a lot easier if we're sitting down having drinks."

Harry steadied his wand and stared the man down. "Tell me why I shouldn't strike you down and kill you right now."

A.K. looked in Harry's eyes and shrugged. "Because you're not capable of that kind of killing. And because I'm only here to help you kill Voldemort, something you seem to have not done yet, and need some help with."

Harry didn't flinch. "And what makes you think I have to kill Voldemort?"

"I could be wrong on this one," A.K. explained. "But I'm guessing it's because he marked you as his equal, and you will have a power the Dark Lord knows not."

Harry's eyes flared as a mysterious wind started up blowing his cloak out behind him and sent his hair rippling. "Who told you that?"

A.K. shrugged. "An Albus Dumbledore you've never met. Like I said, it's a good sitting and drinking sort of explanation." A.K. was looking over Harry's shoulder at the massive eight story mansion. "Or who else you got shackled up in this little place with you?"

Harry lowered his wand again, sensing only truth and no threat from his mysterious visitor. "No one but me, the house elves, and the portraits."

A.K. frowned as he followed Harry up towards the home and into a comfortable looking den. "Shit Harry. Just you and a bunch of people watching you sleep and bathe? That's not healthy. What the hell are you doing here?"

Harry handed A.K. an old bottle of scotch and helped himself to a chilled butterbeer. "Well, it mainly started at the beginning of summer when I decided I wasn't going to just blindly let others run my life anymore. I snuck out from under the Order's nose," Harry stopped. "Wait a sec... you're not in the Order, are you?"

A.K. shook his head. "Not any Order you know or that matters to you, nope. But I know about the old man's secret sect of the flaming penguins that's been guarding and spying on you."

"Right," Harry continued. "So I wanted to go do some shopping, you know? Get clothes that fit me, some books to study, maybe a magical trunk."

A.K. nodded sadly, "Amazingly enough, I *do* know."

“So I went to Gringotts to get some money,” Harry continued. “And they wondered why I hadn’t responded to the inquiries about Sirius’ will.”

A.K. rolled his eyes. “At least you can talk about him without breaking down.”

“Yes well,” Harry blushed. “It was a lot harder before I talked to his portrait, but I’m fine now.”

“Don’t say ‘*fine*’ kid,” A.K. insisted. “Bitches won’t believe you and they’ll slap you for it. Make up some shit like ‘I’m not there yet, but I’m getting better.’ People eat that stuff up.”

Harry looked at A.K. oddly before taking out a small personal journal and writing that tidbit of wisdom down.

“Oh satan on a stick,” A.K. mumbled. “It’s the bucktoothed Buckwheat.”

“What was that?” Harry asked looking up from his hasty scribbling.

“Nothing,” A.K. said. “Please continue. Padfoot’s will, I think you said? Maybe he left you documents emancipating you, because he cared so much and was always known for thinking ahead?”

“Yeah!” Harry smiled. “How’d you know? Griphook told me he’d get it taken care of quietly at the Ministry.”

A.K. was sipping his scotch hearing the same old song and dance. “I can just imagine how surprised Griphook must have been. A high and mighty wizard asking for a meager goblin by mere name? Shocking.”

Harry frowned. “I didn’t actually see him. I just asked for him by name, since he was the first goblin I thought of and I needed a new account manager that didn’t report to Dumbledore.”

A.K. nodded. “Makes sense. So Sirius’ will, emancipation, portrait, and umm... what else we got? Family vault?”

Harry shook his head. "No, I mean, yes, but that's not what's important. My parents' will hinted about Dad's heritage, so I had the Goblins check out if I was the last heir to any other vaults."

A.K. perked up hopefully at that. "Heir?"

Harry nodded. "Yup, on my Dad's side I'm descended from Godric Gryffindor."

A.K. pumped his fist. "Yes!"

Harry smiled proudly. "And on my Mum's side, she apparently was from a long line of squibs and left me the Heir to Merlin."

A.K. shook his head in disbelief every time it happened. Inexplicable powers were always the best sorts of powers. "And so far, you've found this means...?"

Harry explained happily. "Well apparently Merlin made a prophecy when he died about an heir that would become greater than every other wizard that ever existed since the dawn of time... *combined*."

A.K. laughed at Harry's enthusiasm. "And this is you because...?"

"Because Merlin visited me in my dream as soon as I knew I was descended from him." Harry nodded. "Well actually it was Godric visiting me in my dream telling me about my heritage and where to find Gryffindor Palace, and right there into my hazy dream, Merlin pops in saying he was supposed to be visiting me in my dream. Those two had a little tizzy fit about who would do what, and eventually began working together. When I got here to Gryffindor Palace, the big G in jewels reformed into a *P* and all the guardians came before me and bowed."

A.K. nodded solemnly. "It wouldn't be an inherited and abandoned massive mansion turned palace home without some dangerous beasts bowing to you."

Harry had to agree with that and nodded. "And so since then, I've been training with the help of portraits of all four founders, Merlin, and dozens of famous Potters, including my folks and Sirius."

"You're more powerful than every wizard ever, combined... *and you're training?*" A.K. asked uncertainly.

"Of course," Harry explained. "All this power doesn't do me a lick of good if I don't know how to use it."

A.K. just shook his head at how stupid Harry Potters can be. "Err... you mind if I give something a try?"

Harry smiled. "Go ahead."

"*Avada Kedavra!*" A.K. snapped out with his wand aimed at Harry.

Harry just smiled and watched the spell smack into his chest and bounce off with a high-pitched *clink*. It dissipated in a small shower of green sparks when it fell to the ground in front of Harry. Harry grinned, "Doesn't even tickle anymore."

A.K. smiled and sat back down enjoying his scotch. "Alright. Please continue with your fascinating and refreshingly original tale."

Harry gave A.K. an odd look before writing something else down in his journal. He looked up briefly "Err... didn't I finish it?"

A.K. blinked a bit at Harry. "Oh? No mention about how you're going to explain having house-elves to Hermione? Or how much you've begun to enjoy exchanging letters with Hermione?"

Harry blushed at the reminder of his last letter from Hermione. He definitely needed to check out the Prefect's bathroom now that he could see through solid objects. "She understands house elves better now. And I've freed the one-hundred and thirty seven that work here. And come to think of it Hedwig took her a letter a few days ago. I was hoping she might have replied and be back soon."

"It takes Hedwig days to get there and back?" A.K. asked thinking this sounded surprisingly realistic.

Harry nodded.

"So she's not a phoenix?"

"Hedwig? No she's-" Harry was interrupted by a white flash of fire as Hedwig the phoenix triumphantly appeared trilling a song of hope and healing that sounded eerily like Linkin Park, Avril Lavigne, and Simple Plan doing a medley. Harry smiled in pure joy unable to come up with words wonderful enough to describe what he was feeling. "Hedwig... that was... that was..."

"Fucking weird," A.K. answered earning him an unhappy glare from Harry. A.K. smiled and added, "But impeccable timing."

Hedwig chirped at A.K. and settled herself onto Harry's shoulder. Harry relaxed into the comfort of his new phoenix.

"Don't nap on me," A.K. yelled out, grabbing Harry's attention. "You were going to explain how the know-it-all has taught you how to love not just others... but yourself."

"She's not a know-it-all," Harry frowned and insisted. "She just tells me what I feel, what to do, and she's never yet been wrong. That doesn't mean you should be calling her names."

A.K. heavily considered smacking Harry.

"Being way more intelligenter than everyone else is a burden she must shoulder," Harry explained. "If Ron and I had any sense of priorities, we'd be studying as much as she does and probably be a lot better off because of it."

"Ron?" A.K. asked curiously. "Doesn't he like Hermione in that monster-in-his-chest sort of way?"

Harry smiled patronizingly at A.K. "Ron's a good friend. But he and Hermione always argue. Without me to act as a buffer, they'd never be able to get along."

A.K. shrugged back. "I would disagree, unless she's gotten too breathtakingly gorgeous for him. Otherwise, those two have worked together pretty well in many of the times I've met them."

"What do you mean?" Harry asked defensively.

A.K. sat back and explained, "The short of it is that I'm Harry Potter, but this isn't my world. This is yours. That's why your wards don't stop me. I go by the name of A.K. to avoid confusion, and hop to different worlds helping them out with their Voldemort problems." A.K. took a swig of his scotch. "Now that's why I know Ron and Hermione can work together. I've seen them together more than I've seen them apart. Of course nearly the only times they're apart is when Harry is with Hermione."

"But I'm Harry..." Harry said with all the conviction of a frightened first year. "Right?" He paused and then added. "Or are you?"

A.K. shook his head. "Nevermind. You definitely need someone to do your thinking for you. And if you're more powerful than every wizard ever-

"Combined," Harry jumped in to remind him.

"Combined," A.K. agreed with a roll of his eyes. "Then you need someone boring to keep you in check. The Hermionator is perfect for that." A.K. paused and imagined. "Though I would be curious how this world would hold up if it were Luna in charge of your every action and emotion."

"Luna?" Harry asked disgusted. "She's... like a sister."

A.K. had heard enough. "Alright Harry, here's the thing. You can defeat Voldemort. Easily. I'm sure of it. But what you lack is confidence, as well as certainty. And that's what I'm for. I can make sure Voldemort is really dead and not coming back. Okay?"

Harry looked at A.K. and nodded, trusting his own instincts on this one.

"First, let's try something simple." A.K. instructed. "Are you better with your wand or wandlessly?"

Harry waved his wand in the air. "This is just a muggle pencil transfigured to look like a wand."

A.K. considered asking Harry what a magical pencil would be like but decided this was not the time for extraneous information. "Alright, whatever works for you. Now go ahead and summon Voldemort's head. Don't go for any of his body, just his head."

Harry nodded resolutely and raised his hand in the air. He was focusing on the summoning spell and was about to yell out the spell to add more juice to it, when there was a loud crash. Harry had enough time to recognize the severed head that came flying through the nearby window and was about to smack him in the face. Harry ducked and yelped as it flew over him and hit the wall with a fleshy splat.

"Nice work," A.K. insisted as he hurried over to the bloody head stuck with a surprised look on its face. A.K. lifted it up into the air and announced, "Check it out! You marked it as your equal!"

Harry's eyebrows rose to see the glass of the window had cut Voldemort's forehead in the unmistakable shape of a lightning bolt.

"That's a good sign," A.K. pointed out. "But sadly this killed only his body, it didn't destroy Voldemort. I don't think we're quite at the vanquished point yet. But I think you've got some more power still left in you."

Harry nodded. "I think so."

A.K. smiled. "Alright then, this one is ancient light magic battle spell. It only works on really evil people and if you're doing it in the best interests of all that's good and pure."

Harry agreed immediately, knowing some things had to be done for the good of everyone.

"Now you need to focus on completely eradicating Voldemort's soul and making sure he never can come back again. You wish that in your head over and over again, until you know for a fact it is true. When you reach that point of complete control and absolute certainty, raise both of your hands and cast *Gluteus Maximus*. Think you can handle that?"

Harry considered and figured it was worth a shot. "I'll try my best."

"That's all I'd ever ask," A.K. managed to say with a straight face.

Harry closed his eyes in concentration, wishing and wishing like he'd been told. He was sweating heavily and chewing on his lip trying to accomplish this ancient light magic. After several minutes of silence other than A.K. sipping lazily on his drink, Harry exhaled loudly. "I don't know if I can do it. I'm having trouble with this one."

A.K. choked a little on his drink. "Come on Harry. What would Hermione say to you giving up on a spell? You think she'd ever want to be with someone who can't cast *Gluteus Maximus*?"

Harry's eyes flared with power. "I'm not giving up yet." Harry clenched his eyes shut again and focused even harder this time.

A.K. looked over at Harry who was now groaning in concentration. He was hoping Harry didn't need to use the bathroom, because if it did Harry's large intestine was probably cooking diamonds about now. Just then Harry's body relaxed as he thrust his hands into the air and yelled out "*Gluteus Maximus*!"

A.K. smiled. "It worked?"

Harry gasped and thrust his hand to his forehead. "My scar! It's all tingly!"

A.K. looked around Harry's hand. "Yup, it's fading away. Probably won't even leave a mark. Congrats Harry. You won."

"He's gone?" Harry asked hopefully. "He's really gone?"

A.K. nodded. "Yup. *Gluteus Maximus* has never failed." A.K. silently added to himself that it had never succeeded before now either.

Harry grabbed onto Hedwig and hugged his phoenix happily. "Oh this wonderful! I promised myself I couldn't ask Hermione out until Voldemort was gone and now he is! I wonder if I should go tell her the good news? Do you think she might be busy? I wouldn't want to

surprise her in case she's showering. Do you think she showers naked? I wonder-

A.K. grumbled as he stood up. "Thanks for the scotch, Harry." He hurriedly cast the magic to leave this world and disappeared unnoticed to Harry, who was just staring off into space, wondering if Hermione would like a pair of shower slippers that would unclog the drain for her. He remembered her mentioning something about a beaver dam.

WORLD #240 – The One with Not Enough Magic

A.K. was immediately overcome with a feeling of pure taint and evil as soon as he arrived. He kept his eyes peeled for a threat but couldn't identify any. It was just of feeling of complete and utter wrongness. He turned around and felt incredibly ill at the sight before him.

"Oh... my... gawd," an odd looking Colin Creevey came running over with, oddly enough, a pencil he was chewing on. "That look, that cloak, those scars! They look so real, *rhawr!*" Colin snapped playfully at A.K. Colin spun around dramatically cheering, "Blaise, darling! You have completely outdone yourself. This is simply magnificent!"

"Oh you, stop!" Blaise brushed off the compliments from up on the stage. "I do what I can."

A.K. slowly walked up to the stage and approached a scrawny, ragamuffin looking boy with dark hair and vivid green eyes. He was almost afraid to ask. "Harry?"

The boy in clothes way too big for him jerked his head up and smiled. "Yes?"

"Harry *Potter?*" A.K. double-checked.

The young man doing his best to look like a little boy, nodded fervently. "That's me! What can I do for..." Harry gasped and clutched his hands together. "Ohmigawd! Are you from the talent agency?"

A.K. just shook his head in fear. "Nope, sorry."

Harry sagged in disappointment. "No worries. Unless you needed something, I should get back to practice..."

A.K. slowly backed away. "No no... go right ahead and... practice." A.K. turned around right into a familiar pale white noseless hairless face. Not one to miss an opportunity, he whipped out his wand. "*Avada Kedavra!*"

The incredibly odd looking Voldemort squealed in fright flailing his arms a bit and fell to the ground just as the spell flew over his head impacting the man behind him.

"Professor Snape!" Draco Malfoy, half-dressed in a Voldemort looking cape exclaimed hurrying over to the man who got hit with the errant spell.

Voldemort jumped up right in A.K.'s face. "Where the hell do you get off firing you freaky ray gun at me!" He was clutching his chest in fright and breathing heavily. "My nerves are now shot to hell. I hope you're happy! Oh god dammit! Where's our new choreographer?"

A.K. saw Draco struggling to wake up the eerie sight of Professor Snape with a cardigan tied around his neck.

"Wait!" Voldemort shrieked and turned back to A.K. and tilted his head. "Are *you* the new choreographer? Is that what that was? A test of my reflexes? Because like seriously, man, I can do soooooo much better next time. Really. I was just focusing on my character and blocking out the outside world, you know. I mean I was totally in the middle of a lemon face."

A.K. just flinched at the sight of a Voldemort in make-up trying to pucker.

"Lion face! *Rhawl!*" Voldemort continued with a disturbingly un-fierce look.

"Wait!" A.K. interrupted fearful of what might happen next. "What the bloody hell is going on? Who are you?"

Voldemort smiled brightly and took a step back. With a large flourish and a shake of his jazz hands, he proudly exclaimed, "I am Big Daddy Voldemort!"

A.K. just stared at him incredulously.

Voldemort's smile faltered and he continued to explain. "Big Daddy Voldemort? You know? The villain in our end-of-term production?" He swung his arms wildly in all directions when he saw A.K. was still confused. "Hello? Do you know *anything*? I'm easily the second biggest part! The antagonist to our title character protagonist? *Little Orphan Harry*! I mean come on! Work with me here!"

A.K. just sat there staring stupidly.

Voldemort got a worried look on his pasty white made up face. He carefully inched closer towards A.K. until he could safely whisper. "Are you... are you okay?"

A.K. snapped out of it and shook his head in hopes that the crazy might fling off. It didn't. "But I mean, who are you under the make-up? Who's playing the character of Big Da-... You know what? I can't even say it. Who's playing the character of You-Know-Who?"

Voldemort flung his hand to his forehead dramatically. "Oh sorry! I completely went off on you there, didn't I? Whee! Look at the crazy man right here! Woo-hoo! My apologies. I'm Tom Riddle." He explained shaking A.K.'s hand.

A.K. just shook hands and thought he might want to get some pictures to share with future Death Eaters and Tom Riddles he would undoubtedly run into.

A.K. looked over his shoulder as he heard Draco Malfoy's gratingly irritating voice screeching. "Headmaster! Headmaster! Professor Snape won't wake up! I don't think I feel a pulse!"

Voldemort sighed melodramatically. He mock whispered to A.K. "Personally, I think it's more likely the little drama queen just can't count to zero."

A.K. tried to chuckle at that but it came out more as a whimper.

Voldemort nodded and pointed. "That's Draco Malfoy, my understudy. I wouldn't put it past him to try and poison me just to get the part. Nasty, catty bitch through and through. Just like his father."

A.K. nodded weakly not sure if he really wanted to agree with that. Finally his brain muscles began to snap. "What the hell is this place? What's going on here?"

"That is exactly what I would like to know!" A firm imposing voice intoned as he approached A.K. "I am the Headmaster of this institution and I would like to know why you felt the need to blast a member of my faculty with your ray gun."

"Dumbledore?" A.K. asked the elderly man in tights with the really bad peppered goatee.

The Headmaster nodded. "That's correct. Now please explain to me what has happened and exactly why I shouldn't call the police right now."

A.K. looked around oddly. "Dear Satan! Are you all... *muggles*?"

The Headmaster rubbed his chin. "We very well might be but that depends on what you mean by the word *muggle*."

A.K. slapped his forehead in dawning comprehension. "Of course. Wait... so where the hell are we right now?"

The Headmaster was growing irritated at the lack of answers to his questions. "This is the Hogwarts School of Ballet, and you are quickly wearing out your welcome, avoiding all of my questions."

A.K.'s jaw just dropped for a moment before he clamped it shut. "You'll have to excuse me as I throw up in my mouth for a moment here."

The Headmaster narrowed his eyes. "Should I call for the school nurse? Do I need to be worried about the health of my Dalcroze Eurhythmics Instructor?"

After re-swallowing the bile in his mouth, A.K. smiled and shook his head. “Nope, you don’t need to worry about his health at all.”

“Oh thank goodness,” the Headmaster sighed with relief. “So what is that ray gun thing?”

“Oh this?” A.K. said showing off his wand. “It’s... well... it’s still under secret government testing. I can’t say too much about it, but the Professor is in no danger. He’ll be in as perfect health as everyone else around here in just a couple days. But I’m afraid he won’t be waking up before then.”

The Headmaster frowned. “Oh dear.” He looked around at all the scrambling young dancers. He looked at A.K. hopefully, “I don’t suppose you’re familiar with Dalcroze Eurhythmics by chance...?”

A.K. grinned, “In fact, I’m a master of the craft but I have a previous engagement I must tend to first.” A.K. shrugged. “I really need to get a move on tunneling down to the center of the earth and detonating a whole lot of thermonuclear devices there. But once I’m done, I’ll be right back here to help.”

The Headmaster chuckled. “Such a kidder. That’s a wicked sense of humor you have.”

“Right,” A.K. agreed with a nod. “Take it easy, Albus.” He got the attention of everyone else who had been making sets, practicing lines and dance maneuvers, “And all the rest of you... break a leg. No, wait, on second thought, break two!” A.K. smiled happily and sprinted out of the staging area contemplating just whose nuclear arsenal he felt like raiding.

It was only the very next day that the Headmaster received a massive crate marked *Lemon Drops*. It came with a note explaining “Don’t open these unless you really want them!”

A.K. was watching from his perch in the treetops about a half mile away in the Forbidden Forest as the massive mushroom cloud grew from what was once Hogwarts School of Ballet. He activated all the timers on bombs he’d put at the bottom of the Mariana trench after

he'd been magically digging for a few hours. He assumed it would be enough.

As Hogwarts disappeared in a massive cloud of dust and mortar, he smiled as his dimensional portal just opened. He hopped away to a new world wishing Hogwarts a happy goodbye. "You're free, little girl!"

Perhaps A.K. just imagined it, but it sounded like the heavens whispered down to him "Thanks, buddy!"

Author's Note: *This is one of three chapters that will feature two worlds, not just one. Some world's just don't take as long for A.K. to get his business done. And often then he wants to get on out of there. But a chapter with less than 3000 words is even too review-whorish for me. Some days you just want to burn down the office. A.K.'s just lucky enough to be able to do that, since theres an infinite number of offices left. Perhaps a bit darker than some were expecting, but they won't all catch him on such a bad day. Review tell me what you think. I've been pretty good about responding to all comments or questions.*

WORLD #279 – The One with the Abuse

A.K. appeared right in the midst of the littlest bedroom of Number Four Privet Drive. The rancid smell in the air, bucket in the corner, and bloodstains on the floor told A.K. just about everything he needed to know. He saw an extremely thin, emaciated figure chained to the headboard. The sickly looking boy's labored breathing sounded painful just to hear. A.K. could tell ribs were broken, bruises and welts spotted all over his face and body, and it sure looked like his right shoulder wasn't in its socket.

A.K. silently popped outside and discovered there was no Order guard anywhere to be found. When he got back in the room, he took one look at Harry's body and was officially pissed off. He saw traces of magic on the cuts down Harry's arms and it made him even madder. He knew this was going to hurt, and the last thing he wanted to do was cause Harry any further pain, but the fact that he was asleep already meant he might as well heal the ribs.

A.K. put up a privacy charm and a silencing ward, ensuring neither magical leak nor sound would escape from the room. He walked over to the beaten and broken sleeping little boy and placed his wand just above the darkest bruise on the exposed upper abdomen. A.K. licked his lips and funneled his magic into healing Harry's ribs.

Harry woke up from his nightmare screaming in pain. He was flailing as his body went into spasms. A.K. had expected that and for this reason had yet to remove the restraints. Harry hadn't even opened his eyes, though one of them very well may have been swollen shut from the looks of it. Right away he began whimpering and begging, "I'm sorry, Uncle Vernon, I'm sorry."

A.K. would never understand this. He sighed and said calmly, "I put up a silencing charm. He can't hear us."

Harry blearily rubbed at his chest with his free hand and found where it hurt so painfully, actually felt more normal. He opened his eyes to see who was in his room, though his right eye was a struggle. Ever the intelligent one, Harry stated, "You're a wizard."

A.K. nodded. "I healed your ribs. You were asleep and that way works best when it's a surprise, so... surprise."

Harry saw what he thought was pity on the face of the strange wizard in his room. He forcefully began, "It's not what it looks-"

A.K. sat back in the chair he'd conjured and was rubbing his face. "Shut the fuck up."

Harry stopped suddenly and his entire body language hunched inwards even more.

"Don't fucking cower!" A.K. yelled, which sadly only had the effect of making Harry cringe even more. A.K. stood up angrily and held his wand straight in the air, "Listen up, you little fucktard, I swear on magic I will never hit you!"

Harry just got a horribly confused look on his face.

A.K. growled and added, "But I'll shake the shit out of you."

Harry couldn't stop the tears as his bottom jaw began trembling.

"Harry Potter!" A.K. demanded. "Are you a wizard or not?"

Harry was getting scared and was still tied up, but felt compelled to answer. "Huh?"

"Are you a fucking wizard or not?" A.K. insisted.

Harry meekly nodded and said, "Ye-yes."

"Well then why can't you fucking act like one?" A.K. yelled even louder. A.K. calmed himself and explained, "I know Vernon beats you. I know it's probably gotten a lot worse lately. And now, let me take a wild fucking guess here and say you've been having nightmares, keep waking him up, and it just makes him beat you more? Sound about right?"

Harry refused to meet the stranger's eyes.

“I’m going to save us both a whole lot of pain, and not even ask if the fat bastard has ever raped you,” A.K. stated with his back towards Harry, so the boy wouldn’t be embarrassed if he’d visibly flinched. “But what the fuck is your problem? Why the hell do you take that shit from him?”

Harry ignored the inquisition.

“I asked you a fucking question, you goddamn pussy!” A.K. spun wildly around to stare at Harry. “You are a *wizard*! You know your dad was an arrogant asshole, but do you think he would stand for this kind of shit? Hell, do you even think Ron would fucking take this?”

Harry slowly began to look up at his lecturer.

A.K. walked over and untied Harry pulling off all the restraints. “I know you miss Sirius... err, Sirius is dead, right?”

Harry lost it and clenched his eyes shut whimpering again.

“That answers that question,” A.K. mumbled to himself, standing over Harry. A.K. gave it a moment’s thought and decided, “I don’t have time for this.” He cast a dark arts paralysis curse on Harry freezing him, but the curse left his body responsive to the caster. “Yes, Harry, I agree, Sirius had a shitty life, got a shit end of the stick, and with him on that backflip through the Veil went your best hope for a link to your parents. Your parents intended chance at your own little completely normal family. But I need to heal you, and I need to yell at you, and it won’t be easy if you’re trembling and crying like a little fucking pussy.”

A.K. lifted the grossly underweight boy up, cast a couple of souped-up *Scourgifies* and *Reparos* turning the broken cot in front of the headboard into something respectable. He laid him down and straightened out Harry’s body to lay flat. “Relax, I’ve got to heal these bruises and cuts or they’re going to bug the shit out of me. My name is Harry Potter, but I don’t feel like explaining that to you right now, so just call me A.K. I’ve placed you under a paralysis curse, so that you can’t piss me off, because I heal better when I’m not angry.” A.K. started by healing the massive bruise and welt over Harry’s right eye. Harry was staring back at A.K. intently. “Oh I see you’re not so racked

with guilt that you can't pay attention to me. In that case, let me set your shoulder and I'll release your mouth from the paralysis. But right now," A.K. smiled as he lined up Harry's arm. With a vicious roll and pop, it set itself back into the socket. A.K. continued, "I don't want you biting your tongue off." A.K. saw the pain in Harry's eyes and shrugged. "The loud ear piercing screaming isn't much fun either, but with the silencing charm that's really only a benefit to me." A.K. rubbed the tender portions of Harry's purple shoulder and sent calming and numbing charms all throughout the boy's upper torso.

"Alrighty then," A.K. continued a little too happily. "Now you should be numb enough that the worst you feel is a sting. You seem to be following me so..." A.K. twiddled his fingers and explained. "You are able to speak now."

Harry opened his mouth and A.K. interrupted him harshly, "Just because you can speak, doesn't mean I want you to." A.K. began healing the minor cuts and bruises on Harry's body. "And don't think I don't know what those cuts on your arms are. I'll keep them from getting infected, but you're going to wear those with shame until they heal the muggle way."

Harry snapped his mouth shut.

"Since it appears you actually have finished fifth year," A.K. continued as he rolled Harry over and worked on his back. "I know you know the Prophecy. And while the Department of Mysteries was a right royal fuck-up, you held your own damn well in there. You'll grit your teeth when you're under Cruciatus, you won't bow to any of those bastards and you'll do your damndest to give every bit as much as you get. So why the hell must you cower and just take that shit from your Uncle?" A.K. sensed Harry's jaw open and snapped, "That was rhetorical dumb-ass, don't answer it. And you were going to lie anyway, so save it."

A.K. rolled him back and ran over Harry's legs, numbing and healing where necessary. "If he were Lucius, you'd be standing defiantly in his face, refusing to show any weakness at all." A.K. kept going. "Vernon is a fat bastard. He is a monster. But you shouldn't be a fucking scared little child anymore. You've seen horrors. You've faced

your fears. You're a fucking wizard, and more important than that, you're Harry fucking Potter!"

Harry couldn't move and see what was going on, but he quietly replied, "I'm no one special. I'm not a hero."

"I think the fact that I'm Harry Potter and I'm here should be a fucking clue you can be pretty damn special," A.K. replied and seemed to be losing steam. He released Harry of the paralysis, gave him a fresh robe to cover himself, one of his extra pairs of prescription glasses so he could see properly, and conjured some big, floofy pillows. "I think I got everything, didn't I?"

Harry weakly nodded as his eyes adjusted to being able to see more than blurry outlines. "Th- thanks."

A.K. sighed and took a deep breath. He was looking down at some of the scars on his own hands and arms. He looked up for a moment and saw Harry was watching him intently before exploding again, "Do you have any fucking clue how fucking stupid cutting your-fucking-self is?"

Harry paled and looked down.

A.K. pointed his finger angrily at him. "Look at me, when I'm talking to you! I don't give a flying fuck if you think it's your body, you're not hurting anyone, or you for some odd fucking reason think it's the only way for you to actually *feel* something. It's fucking retarded! Do yourself a favor, and next time just start poking yourself in the eye."

Harry was keeping his head down but doing his best to hold eye contact with A.K.

"In case you didn't know, cutting yourself is seriously the lamest cry for help there is. You consciously feel shame if people notice, but unconsciously you're fucking wailing like a baby begging for a goddamn bottle. Well, I get it!" A.K. yelled. "You're stupid! Message received loud and clear!"

Harry was getting angrier and angrier. "You wouldn't understand." He spat out.

A.K. smirked at the first sign of a backbone. Sure it was misguided and completely moronic, but at least Harry wasn't dead yet. "You're right. I probably wouldn't. I seem to think *Harry fucking Potter* should be able to stand up to his shitfaced uncle. I'm of the opinion, if someone hits me, I should hit them the fuck back. You remember back in grade school? Mrs. Fordham?"

Harry looked at A.K. oddly, realizing this man really may be another Harry Potter. He nodded unsure why A.K. was bringing her up.

"The golden rule," A.K. explained. "*Treat others as you want to be treated.* It's a very simple and useful philosophy on reciprocity."

Harry nodded remembering.

"The world would be a better place, if everyone subscribed to it," A.K. argued. He smiled dangerously, "And a lot of times, you should give people the respect they're asking for, and assume they subscribe to it as well. That means if some Death Eater is trying to kill you, you can't just be an asshole and respond with stunners every time. Be the better man, and do your best to kill the shitfuck. It's only fair, to respond in kind. If your dumb-ass Uncle takes a swing at you, he's practically begging you to hit him back."

Harry was a bit confused. "I'm not sure that's what that rule means."

"What the fuck do you know? You cut yourself!" A.K. reminded. "And besides, you're disrespecting others by constantly trying to get them to treat you as you want to be treated. All the while they're treating you like *they* deserve to be treated. A lot of times, you just need to be the bigger man, treat them like they're asking you to, and pretty soon, they'll be treating you like you want to be treated. It's about give and take. Not just taking, hoping they'll stop giving." A.K. paused and took a breath. "You think you can stand up for yourself for once? Everybody's waiting for you to grow up here."

Harry just frowned and said nothing.

A.K. asked. "Look, I'm not blaming the victim for the abuse here. And you need to stop cringing and looking away. You've been abused. Deal with it."

Harry grumbled quietly to himself. "Sure sounds like it."

"What was that?" A.K. perked up and asked dangerously.

Harry frowned. "I said," he enunciated loudly, "It sure sounds like you're blaming the victim."

A.K. shook his head. "Wrong. I'm not blaming the victim, I'm blaming you."

The lack of response from Harry told A.K. that he felt he deserved his situation. A.K. sighed. "Listen up. I *know* Harry Potter. I know what you're capable of. And I know the man you can be if you just got your head on straight." A.K. grinned as he saw Harry absorbing his words. He explained, "Now, a little bit about me is that yes, I am Harry Potter. I lived a life very similar to yours in some ways and very different in others. I did some magical research in the hopes that the Veil was a gateway to other dimensions. I found nothing conclusive at all, but I learned an awful lot about dimensional travel. Around this time I got into a battle with Voldemort and won. Only he managed to come back again, with an element of surprise. I killed him again, and watched him carefully. He then managed to come back right before me. I killed him again and kept working on a way to contain him. He escaped and I swore a blood oath to oppose and defeat him in every form."

A.K. stopped and looked a little sheepish. He pulled out a cigarette and lit it. "We Harry Potters can sometimes do really stupid things. I'd sworn to battle Voldemort in every form, while at the same time knowing how to travel into alternate worlds and dimensions. I trust you see the quandary I've put myself in. So now, I just let my magical promise pick me a new place and time to appear in, and usually help out that world's Harry Potter to defeat Voldemort. And it brought me to here, and to today. So essentially your Voldemort problems are on their way out as of this moment."

Harry almost cracked a smile hearing A.K.'s story.

A.K. winced slightly. "But you've got a few more problems than just Voldemort. And we should look at how to deal with these. And I would like to start with Vernon Dursley."

Any trace of a smile disappeared from Harry's face, and he looked like a scared little boy again.

"I could go kill Vernon right now," A.K. stated plain as day as he inhaled on his cigarette, "with no hesitation. But to be honest, I'd rather not." A.K. took it as a good sign that Harry didn't seem to immediately jump to a negative conclusion. "Do you know why that is?"

Harry took a moment to compose himself. "Because..." Harry exhaled slowly and guessed, "Because you think he deserves a second chance?"

"What?" A.K. jerked up surprised. "A second chance? No. Fuck no. I figure that piece of shit is getting death or something more fitting."

"Oh," Harry said.

A.K. tilted his head up to look at Harry. "No, I'd rather not kill him, because I think if you're any kind of Harry Potter, you should get to deal with him, however you wish. You won't grow up any until you face up to what your life used to be or get some closure. Because in case it has escaped your notice, your life is going to be changing drastically from this point on."

Harry wore a sad smile. He looked at A.K. and then away a few times before warily nodding. "You're asking me to kill him?"

A.K. shrugged. "Killing him would definitely be a part of what I'd do, but you're not me. We're both Harry Potters, but we may not both be killers. A lot of Harrys I deal with aren't up to it or ready for it. And I'm happy to take their burden. It's what I do."

Harry sighed and looked down. "And what if I don't want to face him?"

"Vernon?" A.K. asked and received a nod in return. "Then it's not your problem. Though the odds of me killing him would be pretty good."

Harry appeared conflicted. "Why do you want to kill him so much?"

A.K. half-expected that question. “Well, he’s an evil person, and he abused Harry Potter. Considering I’m Harry Potter, I’m not about to let that shit slide.”

“But he didn’t abuse you,” Harry smartly pointed out.

A.K. shook his head. “No, not me. But try and imagine how protective you’d be of a proper family member. Then mix it with being an extension of you, and literally a reflection of who you are.”

Harry sighed and knew he’d put the Weasleys to shame if he were an overprotective brother. He took a deep breath. “Okay. I’ll confront him. How do you want to do this?”

“Does he wake you to make breakfast or anything like that?” A.K. asked unabashedly.

Harry nodded and dropped his head. “He always stops in here before he goes to work. But I’m not allowed to leave the room.”

“Well then,” A.K. suggested. “I should point out that I have all magic and sound being contained in this room. Which means you could introduce him to Harry Potter, the wizard, for the first time. Ministry won’t pick up any underage usage. Ditto for Unforgivables if you’ve taken Bellatrix’s impromptu lesson to heart.”

Harry paled at the idea and reminder. A.K. had a bad feeling about this but it needed to be done. He sat in silence for a few minutes, while A.K. finished his cigarette, stamped it out, and charmed the stale smell out of the air. He was watching Harry trying to turn any fear he had into well-focused anger.

Harry’s stomach let out a loud rumble. “Aww shit,” A.K. remembered and dug into his pockets. He pulled out a bland tasting ration pack. “You need some food Harry. You’ve got to remind me of that sort of thing.”

Harry tore into the food and was gobbling it all up. A.K. conjured him some water and just sat there quietly, observing the boy. After Harry had stopped eating and seemed settled, A.K. stated, “You know if

you cut yourself again, I'll take out a full page ad in the Prophet just for the pictures."

Harry gulped knowing A.K. was dead serious.

"I'll blackmail, extort, and embarrass the hell out of you until you get it through your thick skull that cutting is fucking dumb." A.K. explained calmly. "Your head's not on right if you reached the point where it seemed like a good idea, so I can't even begin fathoming how to reason with your concept of logic. A healer would probably feed you some rubbish about how you're experiencing emotions and don't know how to cope with them. So by giving yourself small controlled bursts of pain, you're able to *avoid* dealing with emotions you don't know how to deal with. But I'm no healer," A.K. smiled widely. "And I find threats to be very effective deterrents, especially when I'm willing to back them up. You'll learn to open up and talk to someone quick enough."

Harry sat there motionless, looking at the remaining scars on his arms in shame.

A.K. enjoyed the uncomfortable silences like these. He could tell Harry was still thinking deeply, and A.K. took that as a good sign. It was getting light outside now, and Vernon would probably be waking soon. A.K. stood up and asked, "Is your trunk and wand locked in your old cupboard? Or where?"

Harry dropped his head and nodded meekly. A.K. was half worried his stuff might have been burned or wand snapped, but it appeared this Vernon was intelligent enough to know Harry would be going back to Hogwarts. "I take it he forces you to write those letters and Hedwig's hiding somewhere safe until she has to take them?"

Harry nodded again.

A.K. went downstairs and got all of the stuff from the familiar old cupboard. He tossed the wand to Harry, who fumbled trying to catch it. With a sheepish smile Harry picked up his wand and thanked A.K. for getting it.

A.K. stood up silently and cast a spell making himself completely invisible. "You're not a child anymore, Harry. The world can't wait much longer for you to realize that."

Harry nodded even though he couldn't see A.K. anywhere. He readied himself as he heard his Uncle come rumbling down the hallway.

Vernon threw open the door and burst into the room. He stopped at the sight of a healthy looking Harry holding his wand. Vernon smiled brightly at the implications. "Oh you've done it now, Freak. They're going to expel you and you'll never get to go back there." Vernon lumbered closer towards Harry fearlessly.

"Stop!" Harry insisted with his wand aimed at his Uncle. He failed to keep the waver out of his voice.

"Or what?" Vernon smirked as he mockingly held his hands up and inched closer to Harry. "Does the worthless bastard think anyone *cares* about him?"

Harry was visibly weakening and backing up. A.K. sighed silently from his hidden position.

"You think your freakish abnormality is going to help you?" Vernon insisted as he stepped closer and closer towards his trembling little nephew. Vernon lunged forward and slapped the wand right out of Harry's hand. He let fly a vicious backhand right towards the cringing frightened boy.

A.K. had hoped it wouldn't come to this, but certainly wasn't going to let the fat fuck connect on that swing. He'd maneuvered himself around Harry silently and right as Vernon's hand began to move forward, A.K. reacted. Before the attack came within a foot of hitting Harry, A.K. still under the cover of invisibility, punched straight into Vernon's oncoming hand from the opposite direction.

Vernon screamed as his hand shattered and pieces of his own bone were jutting straight out of his palm. He looked up to see a very scary looking man appear out of thin air.

A.K. smiled as his own fist smarted in pain, but he saw how much it had hurt Vernon. He stepped over Harry's cowering form and kept getting right into Vernon's face.

Vernon was rarely accused of being intelligent and immediately took a swing at the intruder into his home. A.K. just leant back to dodge the errant punch and looked over to see that Harry was watching the confrontation intensely. "You see, Harry? Golden rule. He obviously wants me to make an effort to hit him and far be it from me," A.K. explained to a shocked and confused Vernon Dursley. "To deny him that respect." A.K. announced as he punched straight down on Vernon's forehead with enough force whip his upper body back and legs out from under him. His entire body slammed onto the ground and from the sound of it, he may have even broken his tailbone. Vernon Dursley was out cold.

"Dammit," A.K. cursed in frustration. "He's unconscious already." A.K. looked towards Harry while he stepped on Vernon's crotch. "You okay?"

Harry just looked at A.K. like he had done the most impossible thing he had ever seen. After a few moments of gaping in awe, he nodded meekly.

A.K. sighed. "I'm disappointed but not surprised."

Harry just looked sad again and couldn't meet A.K.'s eyes.

A.K. just stood there, kicking Vernon while he was thinking about what he should do. A.K. smiled deviously at Harry. "You need discipline and confidence. And I know the perfect place for you to get it." A.K. reached out and plucked the wand out of Harry's hand. "You won't be needing this. In fact, you won't need anything."

A.K. pulled Harry to his feet. "Alright kid, hang on." A.K. grabbed the young man into a hug. "Intercontinental apparition can be a bit bumpy."

Harry weakly repeated, "Intercontinenta**hhh!**" He screamed as he felt his body tensing and displacing as A.K. apparated them away.

A.K. landed and let go of Harry. "Alright, you wait here. I need to talk to a friend who's never met me before."

"Wait!" Harry called out as he looked at all the fences and barbed wire around. "Where are we?"

A.K. grinned widely as he yelled back, "United States Marine Corps basic training. Welcome to boot camp!"

Harry's eyes just widened and he gulped out a small *eep*. He began looking around and saw people that looked huge compared to him. Most of them were getting yelled at and did lots of running and push-ups. He wondered what the hell he had gotten himself into.

"Alright Harry," A.K. grinned. "I'd like you to meet Staff Sergeant Slaughter. Sergeant Slaughter, this is Recruit Potter."

"You weren't kidding when you said scrawny," the Sergeant agreed looking Harry up and down.

Harry just looked at the massive forearms on the uniformed man and looked back at A.K. in worry.

A.K. explained to Harry. "Okay, Harry. Consider this your summer camp from hell. You're going to be spending the next twelve weeks working your bloody arse off. You may hate me for this, you may hate your Drill Instructor, but trust me this is going to do you a world of good."

Harry looked at A.K. warily and the Staff Sergeant fearfully.

"Yes, we're in the states, and while the Sergeant here knows you're a wizard, the others won't. So don't do anything too stupid. It would've been too risky to do this back home, but this side of the pond, no one knows who you are. You're just another recruit in basic training." A.K. grinned at Harry's meek acceptance. "It's okay to smile, Harry."

Harry forced a weak smile.

"Because it might be a little while before you want to smile again." A.K. took pleasure in pointing out as Harry's smile turned into a frown.

He leaned forward and whispered to Harry. "I'll take care of everything in Britain for now. And don't worry, I'll take us both back in time when you finish up here. You'll be on the Hogwarts Express."

Harry just nodded as he didn't know what else to do.

"Thanks again, Staff Sergeant Slaughter. You know how to contact me, if its needed," A.K. nodded and shook the Sergeant's hand.

The Sergeant looked Harry up and down and said, "It won't be needed, but I got it."

"Good," A.K. agreed. "I'd say stick him on double rations the whole camp, but that's up to you." A.K. turned to Harry and saluted. "Good luck, Harry. These next few weeks will be over before you know it." A.K. grinned a little too much, leaving Harry feeling even more disconcerted as A.K. cast a Notice-me-not charm and apparated away.

"How'd he do?" A.K. asked the Staff Sergeant twelve weeks after he'd last spoke to him.

The older marine grinned. "If he were on the books, he'd have a couple of course records. You keep that boy focused, and he won't let anyone tell him he can't do something."

A.K. nodded. "Sounds about right. Any signs or things I should worry about?"

The marine shrugged a bit. "Enh... he's still keeping a lot to himself. He got a few addresses to keep in contact with some new friends, but I don't think he opened up about his past much with others."

A.K. figured that much. "He going to stand up for himself, the next time someone tries to fuck with him?"

Staff Sergeant Slaughter smiled widely and said, "Let's see what you think." He barked out loudly, "Private Potter!"

Harry marched into the room and snapped off a salute. "Sir!"

“At ease,” the Sergeant ordered. “Your ride is here.”

Harry’s posture relaxed and he turned to his right. “A.K.!” He cheered and hugged the unprepared older man. Harry stepped back with a smile on his face. He pulled his arm back and decked A.K. across the jaw.

A.K.’s instincts had kicked in, and nearly reacted to the threat, but recognized it for what it was and simply took the punch and rolled with it.

Harry grinned and sarcastically snapped, “How’s that *golden rule* when you’re not able to hit me back?”

A.K. smiled a bit as he rubbed his jaw. “You’re building some muscles finally. You almost look healthy.”

“Careful there, A.K.,” Harry joked. “They’ve got a strict policy on asking and telling around here.”

A.K.’s expression shifted into emotionless business. “Arms?”

Harry knew right away what he was asking. He presented both of his forearms, angled up. “They’re almost completely gone. Except from Wormtail’s dagger and this one’s pretty new.”

A.K. looked at the gash Harry pointed to and looked up inquiringly.

“It was a bayonet accident that I have learned from.” Harry explained with a smile. “And that’s all you’re getting from me.”

A.K. nodded. “You may just live up to your name yet.” He turned towards the marine. “Thank you, Staff Sergeant Slaughter. But this young man has a life to start.”

The marine jumped to his feet and leaned forward. “Dismissed Private. Now get out of here.”

Harry saluted the Staff Sergeant. A.K. grabbed hold of Harry and apparated them across the Atlantic.

Harry looked around at the clean looking apartment. "Where are we?"

A.K. went over to the bar and poured himself a drink. "Welcome Harry, to your new flat."

Harry looked at A.K. in surprise.

"We're in London, about two blocks from The Leaky Cauldron." A.K. explained as he watched Harry pour himself the same drink. "Privet Drive has been sold. You never have to think about the Dursleys again."

Harry frowned. "Did you kill them?"

A.K. shook his head. "You never have to think about them again."

"What did you do?" Harry asked demanding an answer.

A.K. smiled to see Harry so much more self-assured. "If you really want to know, I placed them in another world. Still put Vernon in prison, and Petunia and Dudley back in Privet Drive."

Harry looked surprised. "You really didn't kill Vernon?"

A.K. smiled with a touch of malice. "Yes well, this is a world where you died and Voldemort had ruled the world. I killed the Voldemort, but they were organized enough for the Death Eaters to essentially buy and takeover the Ministry. The light side and Ministry were so ass backwards I'm almost glad Lestrage is Minister of Magic. They'll get along just fine in that world." A.K. mock whispered at Harry. "Between you and me, Vernon's cellmate might have a few compulsion charms on him."

Harry just shook his head.

A.K. added, "And no, I won't tell you what dimension and you wouldn't be able to find it."

Harry raised his hands in surrender. "I'm done. You're right. I never have to think about them again."

A.K. nodded and continued. "Dumbledore knows I replaced you. He also knows you were abused now. He really didn't know before. I ripped him a new one, and he knows he fucked up, he fucked you over, and he's indebted to you. He can't tell anyone what he knows either, but you can talk to him with impunity. And if you're up for it, he's offered to take you on as his apprentice. With Voldemort dead, you're going to be a high target for vengeful Death Eaters."

"Wait!" Harry interrupted choking on his drink. "Voldemort's *dead*?"

A.K. nodded smugly. "Yup, you and Dumbledore working together accomplished it. Only Dumbledore and us know his contribution was restricted to providing a reasonable explanation for the Ministry and public. The wizarding world knows you delivered the final blow. The dumb asses in the Ministry insisted on giving you an Order of Merlin First Class. In exchange for attending the ceremony, you negotiated receiving adult wizard status. You're licensed to do magic as it pleases you, and for all intents and purposes are an adult." A.K. waved his arms around. "Like living in your own place, that no one in the world knows exists or where it's at."

Harry smiled at A.K. gratefully.

"Not even Dumbledore can find you here. It is a Fidelius. Dobby is your secret keeper."

"Dobby?" Harry asked.

A.K. nodded. "He helped me set the place up, but he's back working at Hogwarts right now."

Harry looked at his watch. "That's right! I'm at school now."

"Mmm-hmm." A.K. agreed as he finished off his drink. "I've got your trunk all set. So whenever you're ready, I'll pop us to King's Cross, September first. Any questions?"

Harry finished off his drink too and shook his head. "I'm a little tired, but I can sleep on the train ride."

A.K. stood up and began casting the spell, coordinating a jump into the ether and back into the same world at Kings Cross, 10:45 AM the first of September. "Alright Harry. You can trust Dumbledore. I think I scared him a fair amount, and the knowledge that I'm just a different you means he's going to respect you and help you. Dobby too you can trust to the ends of the earth. Come here," A.K. waved Harry over. A.K. wandlessly held a Notice-me-not charm up, grabbed a hold of Harry, and stuck his wand into the center circle of magic he had drawn up.

Harry watched the outside world flicker into pitch blackness twice, before covering them entirely in darkness. Massive transparent blue floating whale-like creatures flickered into view for just a moment, before the blackness overtook them and flickered back into a bustling Platform Nine and Three Quarters.

"I want you to know Harry," A.K. reluctantly grinned. "I think there's hope for you still."

Harry smiled up at A.K.

A.K. offhandedly pointed out, "It's not every Harry Potter that I let live, you know."

Harry gulped a bit at the reminder.

A.K. pulled out a spiffy looking trunk and enlarged it for Harry. "Here's your trunk. And, if we're lucky this is the last time we'll see each other."

Harry took his trunk and had an almost wistful smile. "Thanks, A.K."

"No problem, kid. It's what I do." A.K. grumbled. "Now don't forget, the stares won't be the evil accusing ones, but they're going to be a lot of them. You killed Voldemort and are their hero again. Deal with it."

Harry grumbled back and shook his head.

A.K. got his evil smile one last time and said, "Oh and by the way, I had the full page ad in the Prophet already reserved in case you fucked up. So I just used it to place you a giant personals ad. Have a

good term, Harry.” A.K. winked and disappeared from the platform in flickers. The last thing A.K. heard was Harry cursing his name angrily and calling him a “God damn son of a-”

Author's Note: *Seeing as how yet another reviewer didn't leave their name and missed a big part of the point here, I'll just say it loud and proud: I'm not a doctor. I'm not a therapist. I'm not even a parent (to the best of my knowledge). AK's actions in this chapter are not the proper way you should handle your friend/sister/brother/child's cutting habit.*

This is, in fact though a perfectly fine way for fictional person 1 to handle fictional person 1A because person 1 is quite familiar with how person 1B, 1C, and 1D has reacted the last ten times a person 1 has acted like a troubled teen. What I'm saying is that unless you are dealing with an alternate universe version of yourself, then the hard line is NOT necessarily the best way to handle depressed and attention deprived individuals because not everyone has as much resolve as Harry Potter. Okay? And sign in or leave your email when you review please. Especially when you actually have something constructive to say.

WORLD #298 – The One with the Marauders Science Theater 3000

“Where the hell am I?” A.K. stated realizing he was in a bedroom that was only vaguely familiar at best.

“Welcome stranger!” a brash, young, and naturally lovable Sirius Black bellowed.

“Stop it Evans!” a petulantly endearing, teenage James Potter insisted, unaware of their new surprise guest. “They appeared miraculously in my room, therefore *they are mine!*”

“They hit *me* on the head you idiotic, moronic, numbskull-brain!” a feisty and spunky Lily Evans called back. “And besides, I’m not even sure you can read!”

“Prongs! Lils!” the cool, calm, and stoic voice of a level-headed Remus Lupin interrupted. “I think we have a bigger issue right now.”

“What Moony?” James asked.

Remus just pointed and said, “Perhaps the scarred stranger who miraculously appeared as well?”

A.K. did not like the look of this world at all and shook his head tiredly. “I’m in 1975, ain’t I?”

“1976, actually,” James replied. He turned towards Lily, “And he appeared in *my* room, so he’s mine too!”

“Ooooh,” Lily razzed. “I hate you, Potter.”

“Oh bugger it all,” A.K. moaned in emotional turmoil. “You guys aren’t dating or anywhere near kids yet, are you?”

James smiled proudly and puffed out his chest. “My Lily flower will come around and see the wonders of my charms soon enough.”

“I’d rather kiss a flobberworm than you,” Lily argued back getting flustered, trying to hide her blush.

"Oh Lils," James smarmily began. He continued cranking on what he thought was cute. "You know you-"

"Just shut up!" A.K. demanded wildly fighting the urge to hurt. "You're all about two inches from being killed for being so goddamned motherfucking annoying!"

They all stopped and stared at the man with the potty-mouth. Sirius was trying to hide behind Remus and use him as a shield.

"Thank you," A.K. stated as his headache started to lessen. "Now, will one of you, *just one*, tell me why you think I might be here."

James' pompous voice broke the silence. "Perhaps it's because-"

"Not you!" A.K. said as he pointed at the young man. "You're almost always wrong. Remus, give me your best theory."

Remus gulped. "Well..."

"Hey!" Lily insisted. "I get better grades and am smarter than Remus!"

A.K. nodded but explained. "Yes but you're a girl currently surrounded by boys. It's in your nature to unconsciously act like a fucking useless ditz. Remus, please?"

Lily huffed to herself, while James rubbed soothing circles into her back.

"Err..." Remus was too scared to openly agree with this scary man but had to admit sometimes he wanted to bite both of those bitches. "Right. Umm, well... we just had a handful of books appear out of nowhere minutes before you showed up."

"What books?" A.K. asked curiously.

Lily smiled and showed him the first one. "This one is called *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone*. And then it's *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets*, and *Prisoner of Azkaban*, and *Goblet of Fire*, and-

"I get it, I get it!" A.K. yelled to try and quiet the third most annoying redheaded tart he'd ever met. "You're one of *those* groups, and it's in your nature to be asking for an ass-kicking." A.K. sighed and tried to regain his bearings. "Okay then. Can any of you tell me what Voldemort is up to?"

"Who?" James asked.

"You-Know-Who!" Lily insisted as she smacked James.

James looked at her curiously. "No I don't know who."

"*You-Know-Who!*" Lily yelled back louder, making it much, much clearer this time.

"Dammit woman," James yelled at her. "Don't you tell me what I do and don't know!"

A.K. sighed and looked at Remus. "You think maybe I'm supposed to kill them?"

"I'd promise to only miss them a little." Remus shrugged. "If at all."

A.K. smiled brightly at Remus. "So ignoring the comedy duo of Faggot and Butt-swell-o over there, what's the Dark Lord up to?"

Remus tried to not pay attention to Prongs and Lils ridiculous shouting match. "Umm... well he's just gotten his reign of terror going. It's no longer just the Aurors and Hitwizards that know about him. Lots of muggle killings, his mark is known, his followers have distinctive masks and are called Death Eaters, and he's in the paper now at least twice a week."

A.K. nodded. "Sounds about right. I think I'll kill him pretty soon here, but I'm not sure why I showed up in this particular room, just before you all got even more annoying."

Remus shrugged. "You'd know better than I would."

James and Lily had stopped arguing when Lily wouldn't shut up, so James smashed his lips up against hers in a kiss.

Lily's eyes glazed over and her voice softened as she stepped back.
"That was... that... was..."

"Yes, my little tiger Lily?" James cooed.

"That was sexual harassment!" Lily yelled at the top of her lungs.
"Rapist! He's a rapist!"

A.K. hadn't decided to end their miserable existence just yet, as people that reach this high a level of depravity deserve the complete and total hell of a life together, more than they deserve the sweet mercy of death. So he cast a pair of silencing charms on them.

"Thanks," Remus said with a frustrated nod. "Of course that means now I definitely have to read this first chapter out loud."

Sirius looked up as a newcomer walked into the bedroom. "Hey Peter! You got the popcorn! Now we can get started on these books."

"*Avada Kedavra!*" A.K. called out joyously finally understanding why he was here.

Peter crumpled to the floor dead, luckily not spilling the popcorn.

"That was what I needed," A.K. said with a satisfying sigh. "Goodbye. Hopefully forever." And with a pop A.K. was gone from James Potter's bedroom.

Remus' mouth quirked a bit. "He didn't like Peter much, did he?"

Lily just had wide eyes seeing her Hogwarts' housemate killed, while James took advantage of the distraction to cop a feel.

Sirius frowned a bit and shook his head. "You know for being our best friend, I don't think we liked Peter too much either."

"Odd that," Remus nodded, "but true."

A.K. subtly and silently followed the fresh-out-of-Hogwarts Lucius Malfoy. It took him a couple days but eventually he was able to follow

him to the undiscovered secret hideout of the incumbent Dark Lord in his first, and hopefully only, rise.

A.K. made himself visible and calmly walked right behind Lucius into the throne room. A.K. was surprised to see how much more human the Dark Lord looked. He certainly didn't seem to command respect or carry himself with the confidence he would in the future. "Dark Lord Voldemort?"

Lucius stumbled forward clutching his heart not having had any idea there was someone behind him.

"Lucius," the still wet behind the ears, Dark Lord Voldemort asked cautiously. "Who's your friend?"

Lucius' eyes were wide and he was shaking his head about to explain himself when he didn't need to.

"I'm not his friend." A.K. offered with a small smile. "I've just been following him so that he might lead me to you. He's horribly inept at hiding his loyalties. It really is disappointing."

Voldemort narrowed his eyes at Lucius' complete lack of decorum. "So you have been seeking me out?" Voldemort asked intrigued. "And what is it that you have to offer me?"

A.K. grinned happily, stretching the scars across the side of his face. "Well, I happen to have come across knowledge of a prophecy that I thought might interest you."

"A prophecy?" Voldemort asked awfully pleased with himself. He knew that you'd really made it when the almighty powers stood up and took notice of your work like this. "What does it say?"

A.K. began tapping his chin. "I can get an exact recording later, but I remember most of it. It started, *The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord-*"

"Lucius," Voldemort ordered immediately. "Do something right for once, and copy this down before I curse you."

Lucius scrambled to get a quill, ink, and parchment.

“Err,” A.K. paused and made a show of acting baffled. “Here’s where it got weird. It was, *The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord, a lying, conniving son of muggle man who just pretends to be a Dark Lord,*” A.K. stopped and pursed his lips. “Hmm... you know this can’t possibly mean you now that I think about it.”

“No,” Voldemort looked both ways acting a bit shifty. “No, of course not. But in the future, in case I ever ally myself with this... umm... *made-up* Dark Lord fellow, I should still know this. So by all means, please continue.”

“Alright,” A.K. smiled pleasantly at Voldemort. “*A half-blood bastard he will be, from a filthy muggle orphanage to Hogwarts Head Boy class of 1944-45.*”

“Master?” Lucius asked as he was furiously scribbling. “Weren’t you a student around that-”

“*Crucio!*” Voldemort hissed. “Be quiet Lucius. And keep writing.”

“Where was I?” A.K. said looking up trying to remember all of this supposedly ancient prophecy. “Oh yes, it went back and repeated itself a bit. *The one with the power to vanquish the pretend Dark Lord will be sent by the Founder to cleanse his line, to completely and utterly humiliate him, and bring him back as an ugly puppy for his ancestor to kick for all eternity.*” A.K. finished. “Or something close to that.”

Voldemort was licking his thin, vaguely reptilian lips nervously. “And uhh... where by chance did you hear this prophecy?”

A.K. nodded. “Oh it was from Rowena. I interrupted an argument between her and Salazar, and she went into a trance, had a little fit, and gave this prophecy. When Salazar realized what it meant and that I was capable of complete control over time magics, he sent me to his future, though still it’s my past. He begged me to refuse to allow his line to be sullied with muggle blood. And he wanted everyone descended from Slytherin, not of pure blood to be terminated with extreme prejudice, and in particular he wanted me to bring him the

faker Dark Lord so he could dissect him for Potions ingredients and to test curses on." A.K. shrugged. "He told me he would rather his line die out with dignity, than for it to be *riddled* with dirty blood."

"Really?" Voldemort was getting more and more nervous. "That's quite a tale."

"It is," A.K. agreed. "And so I started by collecting up all of these horcruxes." A.K. explained showing off a destroyed family ring, Hufflepuff's Chalice, the now broken locket, and an extremely burnt diary. A.K. watched Voldemort's eyes widen comically. He went for effect and began speaking in parseltongue. "*And by my understanding, there's only the matter of a certain snake remaining before Salazar gets his puppy.*"

Voldemort gulped at how quickly all his efforts had become useless. And he was disappointed to imagine that his Mum didn't love him, his Dad obviously didn't love him, and now even his hateful, spiteful, all-powerful ancestor thought so little of him too.

"Now," A.K. continued calmly in parseltongue. "*I'm not opposed to a noble end to the dirty branch of the Slytherin line if you'd like. You don't have to spend eternity as the butt of a joke. Salazar will be disappointed but as long his line is pure, I can make him understand.*"

"Very well." Voldemort nodded, resigned to his fate. "*I thank you for this. Nagini, sweetie? Come here.*" He gathered up his snake into his arms and was hugging her. He looked at A.K. hopefully. "*Can you safely ensure my soul moves on?*"

A.K. was biting his tongue, unable to believe how lacking in cunning this Voldemort was. He nodded solemnly. "*I can. And you should know you're bringing honor and dignity back to the noble name of Slytherin.*"

Voldemort nodded as a tiny tear fell from his eye. He was lovingly squeezing his pet serpent tightly as he whispered, "*I love you, my precious.*" And with a thunderous splat, the Dark Lord Voldemort and his snake exploded in a shower of fleshy gore. A.K. hurriedly cast a spell making sure there was nothing keeping Voldemort's soul from moving on.

“Master?” Lucius asked uncertainly.

All the other Death Eaters were looking around confused. “Where’d he go? What’s going on? Why’s my mark tingling?”

A.K. was just smiling and shaking his head in amazement. “First time that’s ever happened.”

Severus Snape, apparently out of school for the summer, looked at A.K. hopefully. “Will you be our new Dark Lord?”

“*Avada Kedavra!*” A.K. answered immediately hitting Snape right between the eyes. He smiled a little to see him fall to the ground lifelessly.

“Yay!” All the other Death Eaters rejoiced at their new leader.

“I gotta get out of this fucked up world,” A.K. said as he hurriedly cast the magic the flickered him out of sight and away from this particular perversion of normalcy.

WORLD #314 – The One with a Little Too Much Crossing Over

“A cave?” A.K. moaned. “I’m in a bloody cave?”

“Who the hell are you?” A dangerous man demanded as he made himself known. He was holding a staff in one hand, and held a sword out in front of him, waiting to strike.

“That depends,” A.K. nodded, recognizing the signs of an actual warrior. “Who the hell are you?”

The man slammed the butt of his staff into the ground and a wind blew his cloak behind him dramatically. “I am Harold the Grey, Jedi Master, honorary X-Man, and am known as Emrys among the Elves.”

A.K. sighed and relaxed immediately as the tension left his body. “Oh Jesus fucking Christ.”

Harold the Grey pushed a button on his sword and the bottom of it snapped and fizzled turning into a glowing, loudly humming, light saber.

"You're serious, aren't you?" A.K. asked looking at the man incredulously. "No claws?"

Snikt.

A.K. just laughed at the man, and held up his hands to show he wasn't here to attack. "Harold the Grey? Were you by chance born Harry Potter?"

Harold's eyes narrowed as he inched closer brandishing the claws on his hand holding the staff. "Who told you that name, Bub?"

A.K.'s laughter was beginning to sound rather depressed. "It's my name too, so it's not exactly a state secret."

"So are you..." Harold paused and tried to think of a logical conclusion. "Are you Harold the White, then?"

A.K. looked at the man. "Do I look particularly whitish?"

The man frowned. "No, not especially."

"Nevermind," A.K. assured him. "You can call me A.K., Harry-"

The man stiffened. "Harold the Grey, please."

"Really?"

The man frowned. "Yes, really. I wouldn't care to keep the name my father gave me."

"What did James ever do to you?" A.K. asked curiously.

Harold the Grey scowled. "Lord Janus, Prince of the Vampires, left me a legacy of abuse of his people."

"Are you fucking shitting me?" A.K. looked at Harold the Grey incredulously. "Vampire Prince? What the hell was mum?"

"Child of Gaia, Lady Minai Mellon Eowyn Morningstar?" Harold the Grey asked curiously. "I believe she was part seraphim and part-"

"It doesn't matter," A.K. interrupted feeling more than a little sick. "And I don't think I want to know. How's your Voldemort situation?"

Harold furrowed his brow. "The dark wizard who killed my parents?"

A.K. nodded half-expecting this. "That's the one."

"To be honest," Harold explained. "I've been a bit caught up in a different war lately, and haven't been paying a lot of attention to the horribly biased and corrupt wizarding society."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," A.K. nodded. "Buncha ruddy useless uncaring unfeeling louts. Yada yada yada."

"Come to think of it," Harold began to recollect. "I think there was talk of him perhaps joining with my other enemies in the Axis powers."

"Excuse me?" A.K. asked more than a tad shocked.

Harold the Grey nodded sagely. "Yes, the war between good and evil. Many of the worst elements have bonded together under a singular banner of evil and destruction."

A.K. looked at Harold oddly. "And they call themselves the... *Axis* powers? Did they choose that name for themselves?"

"Yes they did," Harold nodded. "I always referred to them as something with 'dastardly' in the title until they properly organized and named themselves."

A.K. began thinking he wanted out of this world soon. "And you believe Voldemort may be joining this... *Axis* of evil?"

Harold the Grey explained, "According to some reports, yes. Why? Do you think I should be worrying more about him?"

"He did murder your folks and hundreds or thousands of others," A.K. suggested. "Who else you got that's so terrible as to be keeping you busy with this Axis?"

"Sauron, Darth Vader, and Magneto have been pooling their collective resources creating Mutant Orc Storm Troopers and training them in the ways of the Sith." Harold explained.

A.K. nodded slowly and reluctantly. "Well, let's just make sure Voldemort doesn't join them and throw any more magic into that mix."

"Actually you know," Harold began to explain. "There isn't any magic yet in them. It's all the Force, mutant powers, and-"

"Slow down," A.K. stopped him. "I don't give two shits about that. I just want to see Voldemort dead."

"You have too much emotion clouding your judgment," Harold argued sagely. "You must focus yourself before making such decisions with the lives of your enemy."

"Murdered? Parents?" A.K. reminded.

"Oh very well," Harold the Grey agreed. "I will call my Elven allies and we will set a trap. I believe Voldemort has been only sending representatives to deal with the Axis. We will surround his first planned personal negotiation."

"Trap, eh?" A.K. smiled. "Now we're talking my language."

The allies were assembled. Several Elven clans were represented, with numerous scouts positioned along the tops of the trees. They could move effortlessly and soundlessly through the forest at speeds a man running on the ground would be hard-pressed to match. The tenseness of the moment could not be seen on the impassive faces of the highly trained Elven warriors. Or at least most of them.

"Lord Cloudjumper Starbeam," Harold the Grey tried to mollify his friend. "I'm sure he meant nothing by it. You must excuse the crudeness of his uncultured way of life."

Lord Cloudjumper Starbeam just huffed and retreated to speak with his squadron leaders.

"A.K. please," Harold pleaded. "Must you antagonize everyone?"

A.K. grinned. "Well they're all just so dangd pretty, I can't help myself."

Harold frowned while a young Hobbit assisted prepping Harold the Grey's weapons for battle.

"Now are you really sure Voldemort is coming?" A.K. asked doubtfully.

Harold nodded getting a touch irritated. "Yes, for the last time. I made sure of it when I tapped into the Force and used Legilimency through Cerebro to locate him through our scar connection. He is preparing his men for what he believes to be a meeting and alliance."

A.K. sighed realizing he was out of his depth in this particular world. "If you say so. Hey, you know where I could get an explosive-tipped arrow? I mean I got this fancy schmancy bow and just a bunch of poison-tipped or armor-piercing arrows. And I'd rather they just went *BOOM*." A.K. finished wildly flailing his arms and screaming the last word.

"Very well," Harold concurred. "Let me use my transmutantation power over the Force and see if I can make one." Harold wrapped his fist around the tip of an arrow and focused himself.

Snikt.

"Whoops," Harold grinned sheepishly. "Wrong power." A loud hum and snap of a light saber being engaged came next. He laughed weakly. "Closer that time. Third times the charm." A big swirl of magic exploded from between his fingers and the arrow lit up brightly before receding to reveal a large cartridge just behind the sharp point of the arrow. "There you go. That should just about appease your appetite for destruction."

"Excellent," A.K. smiled. "That's what I like to hear."

The Hobbit's eyes were wide. "Master Harold! You bear the claws of the devil!"

"Shit," Harold the Grey cursed. "Forgot you were there, young Hobbit." Harold did his best to quietly mumble "*obliviate*" while he slowly waved his hand in front of the Hobbit. "I do not bear the claws of the devil."

"You do not bear the claws of the devil," the glassy-eyed Hobbit monotonously repeated back.

Harold tried to subtly glance at A.K. while he waved his hand in front of the Hobbit again. "You will forget everything you have seen in the past few minutes."

"I will forget everything I have seen in the past few minutes," parroted the Hobbit.

Harold smiled up at A.K. and said, "There we go. All settled."

A.K. just stared at Harold for a moment making the Jedi Master wizard a bit uncomfortable.

Harold acted innocent and raised a curious eyebrow as a silent inquiry.

A.K. maintained his stare, letting him sweat. He finally just said, "You know I could hear you cast *obliviate*, right?"

Harold refused to meet the man's eyes. "I'm certain you must be mistaken. Nevertheless, Voldemort will be here in less than a minute. Let's get into position."

The many allies were in a circular position on higher ground. This was the perfect place and location for an ambush. Making sure the silencing charms around there areas were secure, they all readied themselves. With a pop and large swirl of magic, Voldemort appeared with approximately 25 other Death Eaters.

"They're here!" Harold redundantly announced. "On my mark, cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war! Three, two,-"

And he never did get to one, because right next to him, A.K. sent off his explosive-tipped arrow directly towards Voldemort's unprotected back. All of the Elven archers just sat there stupidly, watching it slam through the Dark Lord's back and spear his heart out the other side, moments before exploding in a shower of gore.

"Got him!" A.K. cheered loudly.

They readied themselves for a proper attack volley, when all of the Death Eaters collapsed onto the ground clutching at their arms as their Dark Marks sucked the very life and magic from them. Screams of pain and terror echoed around the forest as the smell of burnt flesh and rapidly decayed repugnant bodies were all that remained after the Dark Mark ensured Voldemort's marked servants followed him into death.

A.K. smacked Harold on the back heartily. "You sure know how to throw an ambush party. Nice work, Harold." A.K. looked a little closer at the largest recognizable pieces of flesh that remained of Voldemort and nodded to himself. "But I think it's high time I got the hell out of here. Good luck with that *Axis* thing." A.K. waved as he began casting his dimension traveling magic.

Harold wasn't paying much attention to A.K., merely shaking his head at the ease with which their foe was defeated. He was mumbling to himself. "That was worse than the first Death Star."

A nearby elf put his hand over his heart and addressed A.K. proudly. "It has been an honor serving with-"

A.K. dismissed the pretty boy with a wave and felt damn good to be leaving as he flickered out from this world for the last time.

WORLD #326 – The One with a Case of Snivellitis

A.K. reappeared in a Potions laboratory. He turned around and found himself looking straight into a wand aimed between his eyes.

“Who the hell are you?” the mysterious person asked.

A.K. furrowed his brow in confusion. “What the hell are you?”

The man who had been working on a potion that A.K. suspected was Wolfsbane, frowned and tilted his head. “You look like James Potter.”

A.K. tilted his head the other way and offered, “And you look like a turd covered in Vaseline.”

The figure’s eyes flared as he incanted a stunner at point blank range. He was unprepared for it rebound right back on him, and he fell backwards unconscious with his wand still held out in front of him.

A.K. recognized those eyes when they had widened in anger. He sighed sadly. “Not another fucking one.” Usually after an assailant knocked themselves out as spectacularly as that, A.K. would dose them and get some answers. But the all too familiar green of those eyes told A.K. the answer to the most important question. So he only force fed him a mild truth and compulsion serum.

A.K. *ennervated* the young man. “Welcome back to the land of the conscious. Perhaps you should be a little more careful with where you point that thing.”

The young man shook the tiredness out of his head. “What did you give me?”

A.K. shrugged and answered truthfully, “A mild compulsion serum. I’m sure you can resist it if you want to, but it’ll annoy you and make it more obvious when you’re lying.”

“Why did you give me that?” he asked as he got up and double checked whether the potion he had been working on was salvageable.

“To annoy you and make it more obvious when you’re lying. Didn’t we cover this already?”

The young man bristled and forced himself to not answer. He seemed to be at a significant disadvantage and had already managed to ruin this batch of Wolfsbane. He vanished it away and spun back around, his longer greasy hair slapping himself in the cheek. “You never answered my question. Who are you?”

“You’re right, I didn’t.” A.K. admitted honestly. “And you didn’t answer mine either. What the hell are you?”

The young man bit the inside of his cheek to keep from blurting out some idiotic response. “I’m getting extremely irritated by scarred, trespassing assholes barging into my home, interrupting my potions work, and ruining expensive ingredients!” He hissed out through his clenched teeth.

A.K. looked at the seriously upset man with all too familiar green eyes. “What the hell kind of Harry Potter, are you?”

“I’m not any kind of Harry *Potter*, you numbskull.” He insisted angrily keeping a firm hold on his wand. “My name is Harry Snape and you would do well-”

“Jesus fucking assraping cocklicking Christ!” A.K. yelled louder than was necessary. “Of course! Snivellus and his second-hand tampon hair! *That’s* what you look like!”

“Do not call my father that name, you incompetent wretch!” Harry exclaimed as he whipped out his wand. “*Crucio!*”

A.K. raised an eyebrow and hopped to the side, out of the path of the curse. “Excuse me?”

“*Crucio!*” Harry called out again after adjusting his aim.

A.K. stood there and took the spell. He stared at Harry impassively, before scratching his chest. “Wow kid, you’re stronger than most. That actually itches.” Truthfully it hurt a hell of a lot more than A.K. was letting on, but he wasn’t about to give any *Snape* the satisfaction

of knowing that. Not even a brainwashed version of himself. "Are you about done giving me all the evidence I need to lock you up?"

Harry stopped his curse and looked at A.K. with a touch of fear in his eyes. "What do you want?"

"What do I want?" A.K. sighed. "Hmm... well it'd be nice to hear that you're not dating the ferret."

"The ferret?" Harry asked curiously.

"Draco?" A.K. inquired.

"Eww gross!" Harry insisted.

A.K. relaxed for a moment and exhaled a breath he didn't know he was holding in.

Harry continued in disgust. "He's practically my brother."

A.K. groaned. He should have seen that one coming a mile away. "Your brother, right. Of course. So I guess Lucius is all just a misunderstood good guy? Who's slipping your daddy the sloppy flesh weasel?"

"You know nothing about us!" Harry snapped back, looking tempted to curse again.

A.K. stared Harry down for a moment. He opened up his mage senses a little further and his eyes widened at the location of a specialized parsel hiding charm. "You're bloody marked!"

Harry visibly flinched and resisted the urge to slap his own forearm. His lips curled in distaste. "I've no idea what you're talking about."

A.K. just shook his head. "Oh this is fucking rich. You're a whole bloody family of super secret spies. I bet you just cry yourself to sleep on someone's shoulder because of all the muggles you have to kill to maintain your cover."

Harry was biting his tongue refusing to react.

“So is that how you know you love your daddy? Because he can share in your pain?” A.K. asked with a smirk, just loving pushing this Harry’s buttons. “He gives you all the tips on how to best clean the blood off after earning your Master’s confidence? Or is this the kind caring side of that racist blonde poofster of a brother, holding your hand because daddy and Aunt Lucy are too busy playing house-elf hot spank-”

“That is enough!” Harry yelled a. “I refuse to sit here and let you berate me. You seem perfectly capable of breaking in here, but you can’t make me stay and listen to you insult all those that I hold-”

“Why the fuck are you always the whiniest!” A.K. interrupted loudly. He was about to reply when he had to throw a shield up to his left side, blocking a dark binding spell. A.K. turned to his left and smiled. “Snivellus! How nice of you to join us.”

“Dad!” Harry cried out and ran over to hug his father. Severus wrapped an arm protectively around Harry pulling him closer. He hissed at the nickname and couldn’t believe what his eyes were telling him. “Who the hell are you and how did you get in here?”

A.K. looked around. “It’s a bloody potions lab. Why do you all think it’s so damn impenetrable?”

Severus was making sure Harry was okay and kept his wand trained on the intruder. He tried a different question. “Why are you here?”

A.K. raised his hands to show he was no real threat. “I just came to ask a few questions and the junior fucktard over there stunned himself, before hitting me with a Cruciatus. He seems a bit reckless on those ‘life sentence in Azkaban’ spells, you know? What sorts of things are you teaching these days?”

Severus’ eyes widened in fear at the thought of losing his son. He made a snap decision and cast the only logical spell he could think of. “*Avada Kedavra!*”

A.K. just smiled and conjured a mirror that shattered but blocked the spell. He immediately conjured another mirror in place of the broken one.

Severus kept his wand trained on the man and said nothing at the lack of offensive response from this wizard.

A.K. saw the perplexed look on Snape's face at the floating mirror. He pointed to it. "Oh this? It's called a mirror."

Severus was immediately reminded of the childish antics of the former classmate this intruder reminded him of.

A.K. smiled. "I just figured looking in the mirror would hurt you more than any curse I could cast would. Don't worry, unless you look right into it, it shouldn't break."

Severus clutched Harry tightly and stared at the intruder. "You're never going to leave here alive, you do realize that, don't you?"

A.K. shrugged. "I'm pretty sure better baby rapists than you have tried but I doubt-"

"*Avada Kedavra!*" screeched a voice directly behind A.K., who only just got out an angry snarl before he felt the green light of death smack into his back.

Draco took off his invisibility cloak, smiled at Harry and Severus. He looked down at the intruder sprawled on the ground. There was a crackling and a flicker just behind him. Draco turned to the sound, right into the path of a punch that exploded his nose in a shower of blood. Draco crumpled to the ground screaming, clutching his broken face.

"Kids today," A.K. said with a shake of his head. "Tsk tsks." He waved his wand and burnt his other lifeless body on the floor in a cone of flame until not even ash remained. "Now my patience is beginning to wear thin. So before you go and do anything that actually pisses me off..." A.K. paused and raised his hand. Harry and Severus would have missed it if they blinked but they saw the intruder blur for just a moment before they were completely paralyzed.

Draco was still moaning in pain as he struggled to stem the flow of blood from his nose.

A.K. over-charged a numbing spell and it collided with Draco's face, temporarily silencing the blond ponce. "Do us both a favor and shut up ferret."

"What did you do?" Draco begged as he could no longer feel any part of his face.

"Is Aunt Lucy going to be dropping in or is that all the noses I have to break?"

"Who's Aunt Lucy?" Draco asked confusedly.

A.K. shook his head. "Your knob gobbling Dad, you ignorant fuckwit!"

Draco just looked at their intruder in disgust.

"You know what, fuck it." A.K. yelled. He walked over to the door, whispered a standard construction spell and jammed his wand into the stone wall. A few more incantations and the entire room rippled and melted into smooth stone all around them, sealing them in a now windowless and doorless room. A.K. smiled at the scared looks on the paralyzed Snapes and fear on Draco's face. "That should do the trick."

He petrified Draco, locking his face in a particularly unflattering pose with his mouth open. "Alright Snively, I only came here to get some information, but you all feel the need to torture or kill me. So let's do this the fun way." With a wave of his wand, Severus was no longer paralyzed. "You fancy yourself a master of Occlumency, don't you? Let's see if I can get the information I want out of that thick skull of yours."

Severus' eyes widened and he quickly raised his wand and turned his head away. He did not want to make eye contact with this intruder who apparently wasn't even all that pissed off when he got hit with a Killing Curse. Severus knew his mind shields were some of the best in the world, but he had a bad feeling about this one.

"Not even going to look at me?" A.K. challenged and relaxed his posture. A.K. whipped his wand slightly and conjured a pebble that smacked into the back of Severus' head. He chuckled just knowing

how irritated that had to make Snape. "Aren't you even a little curious about me? Who I am? Why I'm here? What I'm going to do to Harry?"

With a snarl and a rasp, Severus spun right around and stared at his opponent. He raised his wand and screamed, "*Legilime*- oh fuck!" Severus' eyes clenched shut and he was pounding on his head with his own fists. He had fallen to his knees and was panting and grunting in pain as his eyes began to bleed.

A.K. knew this was no test of wills. He probably would have won that pretty easily anyway. But with the spell that had already been on Severus, he figured might as well cheat. And make it hurt. A lot.

Severus seemed to have stopped fighting and was no longer flailing on the ground. His vision seemed to clear, but his mind organization was shot to hell. He could barely think straight as he lay there panting.

"You gotta be shitting me!" A.K. yelled in complete disbelief. "You raped his fucking Mum when you were a loyal Death Eater? And he calls you *Dad*?" A.K. looked at Harry in shock. "What the fuck is wrong with you? Did Vernon skull fuck your eye socket and cause brain damage?"

Harry was fighting against the paralysis curse holding him.

"I'm sure the Dursleys were hell before dear old Dad came along, but shit boy! Raping Mum isn't the sort of thing you can just turn a blind eye to."

Severus was still laying there silently, catching his breath, hearing what this intruder was yelling but unable to retort.

Harry finally snapped his way free from the paralysis enough to reply. "He had no choice! Even Mum understood that."

"Bull-fucking-shit!" A.K. insisted. "He had a lot of choices, he was just too scared to accept any pain or death. It was your Mum that had no choice. She was being raped by a fucking Death Eater!"

"My father is not a Death Eater!"

A.K. shook his head. He was nearly certain this was a completely lost cause. He had seen enough and heard enough from the so-called loving father and loving son. He knew enough about this world's Voldemort now. He began to consider just mind raping every Severus he came across to get all the good dirt on each world's Voldemort. Too bad it required going into Snape's mind. That price is just a bit too high. A.K. apparated through their wards leaving the three of them trapped in the sealed windowless, doorless room.

Several hours later, the three trapped people finally managed to blast their way out of the potions laboratory. Waiting there on the other side, protected from flying debris was Lucius looking surprised. "There you are!" He noticed his son's heavily bruised face. "Draco! What on earth happened to you guys?"

Severus frowned. "Where have you been? We've been stuck in there since that damn intruder left."

Lucius shook his head with a bright smile. "I didn't know what happened but could tell from our family clock that you weren't in any danger. I assumed some potions accident sealed you in, and I would just make things worse if I tried to barrel my way through the walls to you."

Severus' scowl lessened and he certainly understood. He knew how much they loved their family clock, though for some reason it always made his son snicker. "Yes well, we had a very unpleasant run-in with an intruder who popped his way through our wards, raped my mind, survived Draco's killing curse, and left us sealed in that room."

Lucius gasped and covered his mouth. "That's awful, but never mind that now. Did you guys feel it! You know what this means?"

Harry frowned noticing something felt slightly *off*. When they were sealed in the room, it felt stifled and separated but now that they were out, something felt very... *different*. "Feel what?"

"Look at your mark!" Lucius insisted gaily.

All three of them gasped and Harry countered the parsel hiding spells. The Dark Mark was practically gone. A faint outline still remained, but the magic powering it was gone. Harry slapped his forehead. "My scar! I can't feel him anymore."

"Is he..." Draco asked slowly. "Is he dead?"

Lucius nodded. "Yes he is, and we need to hurry down to the Ministry and clear our names. Everyone felt their mark burn and weaken. I just came from the Riddle House. The place was destroyed, bodies all over the place, and where his throne used to be is just a pile of ash and bone. Did you really not feel it?"

Severus shook his head. "The spell on the lab must have cut us off. It's why I couldn't even send out a message spell to you. I think perhaps our intruder may have something to do with this."

Lucius shrugged. "Well let's give him a bloody medal then! We're free! We're finally free!"

Harry was rubbing his scar in disbelief. He looked up towards his father with a warm smile. "This is the best day ev-"

And all four of them knew nothing more than blackness.

They woke up to the smiling faces of several of the Ministry's finest aurors. Lucius looked around and saw two dozen other Death Eaters were locked in there with his family.

"Attention Death Eaters!" a lead auror began. "You will all be facing trial for your crimes. You will be questioned under veritaserum if we feel it is necessary. Your Master is dead. Now is the time to comply and hope you might be lucky enough to make a deal. The dementors are looking forward to a feast tonight. Rookwood, you're up first!"

Rookwood turned to Avery and whispered, "Remember what we planned. Tell Lucius too! This just might work."

As soon as Rookwood was led away in chains, Avery walked over towards the two Malfoys and two Snapes. He smiled sheepishly. "Quite a little mess we've got here, isn't it?"

Severus frowned. "Why was Rookwood smiling? What's going on?"

Avery grinned and motioned the four of them closer. "It'll be just like the first time. No one will believe we were under Imperius again, so this time, get this..." Avery smiled brightly at their cunning. "We're going to tell them all we were spies!"

"What?" Harry asked in shock.

Avery nodded like a house elf. "It's perfect! We knew the Ministry had loyal Death Eaters inside it and we couldn't trust any of the other Death Eaters, because we weren't sure of their loyalty. We were forced to maintain our cover, and only reported to certain secret groups or individuals helping us to," he giggled uncontrollably for a moment. "Work against the big, bad, evil Dark Lord. It's perfect!"

Lucius looked at Severus in fright. "Can... can you get away with that?"

Avery shrugged. "It's our best bet. And in the off chance there actually were any spies it'll just make them look worse. Besides," Avery smirked. "It's not like I was about to let you guys know I was secretly plotting against our Master." He giggled some more.

"Won't they question the people you were supposedly reporting to?" Draco asked with a touch of fear.

Avery shook his head. "Just say you used to report to Dumbledore before his death and ever since then, never revealed who you really were. Apparently the old man's Order was receiving information but they didn't know from whom. We're in the clear!"

Harry gulped and said nothing.

Avery saw the uncertainty and fear on all their faces. "Or don't. I don't care. But that's what everyone's been doing so far. And it's what I'm going to do."

They listened to Rookwood's screams as he was being dragged away. "But I'm a spy, dammit! I really am!"

The aurors came back down to the holding cells. "Malfoys, Snape, Potter! You guys are together and you're up!"

"I'm a Snape!" Harry insisted. "Not a Potter!"

"That will be discussed at your trial, I'm sure." The aurors bound them and took them away.

The group was led into the all too familiar Courtroom Ten. They were placed into chairs and immediately bound. The majority of the courtroom was empty and there were only five wizards apparently deciding their fate. Minister of Magic Rufus Scrimgeour was presiding in the main chair. "Oh let me take a wild guess here," he began theatrically. "You're spies who were secretly working against the Dark Lord."

Lucius straightened himself up. "I demand the right to legal counsel to get past these ridiculous charges and claims."

"Settle down, Mister... Melfoy, is it?"

"It's Malfoy!"

"Whatever," Scrimgeour grinned and dramatically rolled his eyes. This day was turning out fantastically so far. "As we're still officially in a state of war, we need not follow peacetime procedures. Once the war criminals known as Death Eaters have been dealt with, we will resume our entirely too long and ineffective system of criminal justice. No barristers have been permitted yet, nor will they."

Lucius looked over at Severus fearfully.

"So," Scrimgeour continued. "Not going to beg for mercy with harrowing tales of being forced to make it appear as though you're a Death Eater when you're really just a spy for the light?"

"We are spies for the light!" Draco insisted impetuously.

Harry, Severus, and Lucius all nodded with serious looks on their faces.

“Of course you are,” the Minister mockingly indulged them. “And is there anyone who can prove this for you?”

Severus frowned. “If there was, then the Dark Lord would have found us out and killed us.”

From behind the Minister, a familiar scarred man appeared from under an invisibility cloak. A.K. grinned and admitted, “In fairness, that’s probably true. He was a pretty devious guy. I mean if all four of you were spies, and there were any proof he probably would have found it.”

“You!” Severus insisted. “You bastard! You locked us in that room!”

The Minister spun around and asked A.K., “You know these four?”

A.K. nodded. “Yup. I locked them in *that room*. Didn’t want them to do anything stupid.”

The Minister looked at the Death Eaters chained to the chairs. “Any truth to their claim that they are spies for the light?”

A.K. shrugged. “I suppose the answer is yes, but I would be remiss to not mention that I left them locked in that room, because the ferrety looking one cast *Avada Kedavra* at me, the bigger greaseball cast *Avada Kedavra* at me, and the junior greaseball hit me with a *Cruciatius*.”

The Minister looked back at A.K. “Well, that doesn’t exactly bode well for them, now does it?”

A.K. shrugged. “There may be hope for junior greaseball, but I wouldn’t exactly bet on it.”

The Minister nodded. “Very well, Mr. Potter. Do you have anything to say for yourself?”

"I'm not a Potter!" Harry insisted. "I'm a Snape! I have no relation to James Potter."

The Minister narrowed his eyes. "But you were born to Lily Potter? After a Death Eater raped her?"

"My father is not a Death Eater!" Harry argued looking hopefully at his dad.

"Right, right," the Minister cajoled. "And neither are you, of course."

A.K. smirked. "I questioned some of the good folks on the light that used to be friends with Harry *Potter*. They said he was always such a good boy, until he got tricked into drinking that disfigurement potion, went dark, and joined the Dark Lord."

"It wasn't a disfigurement potion!" Harry pleaded. "My mum was just hiding my real appearance. This is how I'm supposed to look."

"Oh really?" A.K. asked. "Snivellus? Any comment on just *how* you got your revenge on James Potter?"

Severus just said nothing, refusing to play their game.

"Dad?" Harry asked uncertainly. "This is how I'm supposed to look right?"

Severus maintained his silence.

"I don't care, Dad." Harry said through tears. "I love you. You're the only Dad I've ever wanted."

Scrimgeour rolled his eyes and looked up at A.K. "Touching. I'll leave this one up to you."

"So depressing," A.K. said with a shake of his head. "Such a waste of youth. I think this calls for my special magic eight-ball."

A.K. reached into one of his pockets and pulled out a toy severed head. He lifted it up and showed the prisoners it was Voldemort's noseless face. A.K. shook it violently for a few seconds while the

Minister mumbled something about drama queens. A.K. looked down into the blackened abysses where the eyes used to be. "*Outlook not so good.* Oooh, tough break guys. I'd say give them the Sirius Black special and if they're coherent after a dozen or so years, then I suppose they really might be spies."

Draco gasped. "You can't do this!"

The Minister ignored them. "Any preferences on where?"

A.K. sighed as Harry buried his face into Severus' shoulder. "Yeah, stick them all together. I'm not completely heartless."

"Very well," the Minister acquiesced. "Four Black specials, coming up!" He slammed his gavel down in joy, announcing for the aurors to come in and take these away. As well as signal them to bring the next Death Eaters up.

The four of them were dragged away screaming their innocence, while Harry hung onto his father, desperately not wanting to let go.

A.K. smiled to see them gone. "Alright, Minister. I'm out of here. I think you can handle the rest of these louts."

"Is there any way I can contact you, if it's needed?" Scrimgeour asked hopefully.

A.K. shook his head as he began casting his dimension crossing magic. "Sorry, this isn't exactly my kind of place. I don't really belong here."

The Minister nodded his understanding. "I thank you again for freeing us from the tyranny of the Dark Lord."

A.K. waved him off while swirling his wand. "Oh and you know I was joking about putting them together, right?" A.K. smirked as he flickered and faded away. "Real far apart. Solitary confinement. Different sides of the prison. Lots and lots of dementors for all of them! It's not hard time without tears and scars!" And A.K. was gone, leaving a surprised and impressed Minister behind.

WORLD #333 – The One with No Excuse

A.K. recognized Number Four Privet Drive immediately. While never really a good sign, it wasn't necessarily a bad one either. He snuck his way quietly into the house. He double-checked the cupboard under the stairs out of habit, though he could tell there wasn't anyone in there.

When he got to the littlest bedroom, better known as Dudley's former second bedroom, he pressed his ear up to the door. Only a soft breeze and the sound of sleeping could be heard, so he cast a silencing charm and made his way on in. Harry's bed had been magically enlarged to a respectable looking Queen size, and he saw a pair of pale feet sticking out from under the massive fluffy looking comforter.

A.K. thought there seemed to be a few more lumps than normal, and as he looked around the room he saw not one, but two magical trunks. A.K. bent down to take a peek in them and in the first found his old Invisibility cloak, some Gryffindor robes, and the Marauder's Map. All perfectly normal things that brought A.K. comfort to see. Then he looked into the second trunk and found a bottle of hair gel. This was certainly different. It was when he pulled out another school robe, but this time with the emblem of Slytherin on it, that A.K. stumbled backwards in surprise.

"Wha-" A muffled voice called out from under the comforter. "What's going on?" Harry's head came peeking out from the covers. Only it was the bottom of the covers right next to the pale feet that now appeared to not belong to Harry.

A blonde head popped out from the top of the covers, slowly waking up as well. "Yes, love? Something the matter?"

Harry cracked open an eye to see the sheer disgust and horror on the face of the strange man in his room. He closed his eyes again, wondering if he could go back to sleep. Harry tiredly asked, "Who are you?"

"*Avada Kedavra!*" A.K. called out hitting the sleepy, young Malfoy scion in the face.

“Avada Kedavra?” the exhausted Harry said as he tenderly rubbed his lover’s feet. “That’s a pretty silly name,” he explained with his wrist bent lazily. “How’s abouts I call you A.K. instead?”

“*Avada Kedavra!*” A.K. insisted aiming towards Harry, who just happened to sit up at the right moment and missed being hit by only millimeters.

“Fine, fine, no nicknames. Got it.” Harry said as he leaned backward towards Draco, tiredly wiping the crust from his eyes. He was showing a fair amount of asscrack through the top of his pajama pants. “Drakey Poo? Why isn’t my Silver Serpent ticklish anymore?”

A.K. stepped forward and made sure not to miss this time. “*Avada Kedavra!*”

And just like that Harry Potter was dead.

A.K. just shook his head in disappointment. “How many of these goddamn worlds are there?”

While A.K. wasn’t homosexual, and therefore didn’t have the best judgment when it comes to attractive males, he still had to admit he could probably do better than Ron. Maybe someone like Oliver or even Seamus. Hell, Bill or Charlie might swing that way. But it doesn’t matter what twisted justification a Harry makes. There’s no excuse for Malfoy. Or Snape. Ever. Ever ever.

A.K. frowned looking at Harry’s surprisingly fit and toned dead body next to the sickly pale ferrety thing. He just shrugged and was whistling a merry tune as he popped away from Privet Drive.

Just a few days later, A.K. was looking down at the terribly easy to kill Voldemort. Even Tom was bleeding pink. A.K. screamed out loud, not expecting an answer, “Is everyone in this entire world a gay male? Is that even possible?”

“Certainly seems that way,” Ginny popped out of nowhere and answered in a surprisingly deep voice. “Merlin knows, I’ve tried.” She looked A.K. up and down, weighing his worth. Before smirking and

staring at him with her sultry broom cupboard eyes, “What about you?”

A.K. snorted loudly. “Keep trying, Gin-gin.” And with a couple of flickers, A.K. was gone again.

WORLD #381 – The One with a Harem

When A.K. appeared, he didn’t move. He didn’t shift into attack mode. He didn’t ask for help or directions. He just stared with no emotion at all showing on his face. Staring back at him was a smiling, content looking Harry Potter. Flanked on either side of him, both with their wands aimed at the intruder and deadly serious, protective looks on their faces were Padma and Parvati Patil. A.K. wasn’t sure which was which, as the birthmark on Padma’s upper inner thigh was currently hidden by bubble bath suds. And A.K. was the first to admit, he was completely unable to tell their voluptuous, heaving breasts apart.

A.K. just stared at Harry’s relatively unconcerned smile, while keeping his peripheral vision on the naked twins in the tub with Harry.

All four of them made no movement to say anything, attack, or relax for well over a minute.

The tension was finally broken when Hermione’s head popped up out of the tub, and whipped bubbles and water all around as she shook her hair out of her face. She hadn’t noticed A.K. behind her yet, and explained, “Alright. They’re plenty good and clean now.” She was picking at her teeth with her tongue. “But I could really use some floss.”

Hermione saw the twins’ attention focused behind her and turned around. She raised an eyebrow at the strange man who seemed unashamed to be staring at her wet dripping body as she stood up in the tub. “How you doing?” she asked curiously.

This apparently broke A.K.’s concentration and he started chuckling happily.

The Patil twins relaxed a bit but kept their wand arms up and ready.

After taking a moment to compose himself, A.K. smirked. "I'm doing pretty good, Hermione."

Any further conversation was interrupted as a harried looking Daphne Greengrass walked in the door and unceremoniously dropped her book bag on the floor. "Merlin, I thought Professor Sinistra wouldn't ever let us out of there." She hadn't noticed who else was in the room and quickly lifted her Hogwarts robes over her head revealing her skimpy sheer green bra and panties. She saw Hermione sitting up, smiling at her, and suddenly took notice of the stranger in the room. She didn't look embarrassed just inquisitive. "Hello."

A.K. smiled happily at her and nodded his head in greeting. "Hi."

She walked over to the tub and jumped in. She smiled at A.K. and quietly asked her tub mates, "Who's that?"

One of the Patils shook her head and said, "We've not yet been introduced. He just... appeared."

"Well," Daphne assured her as she leant back and got all of her hair wet. "I'm sure Hermione is itching to remind us that you cannot apparate in Hogwarts." She closed her eyes and stuck her nose up improperly, nasally imitating the bookworm, "It says so in *Hogwarts: A History*."

Hermione reached over and snapped Daphne's bra. "I don't sound anything like that!"

"Actually," Harry grinned mischievously. "It was a pretty fair imitation."

"Harry," Hermione snarled playfully.

"It was definitely one of her better impressions," a Patil concurred.

The other Patil added, "Though Hermione always tries to stick her chest out more when she does it," She straightened up and inhaled deeply. "Like this."

"You bitches are horrible!" Hermione moaned as she was outnumbered.

“Oh no,” another voice jumped in as she entered the room. “Did Hermione already quote *Hogwarts: A History*?”

“Susan!” Hermione grumbled. “You’re supposed to be on my side.”

Susan Bones’ robe fell to the ground leaving her soft curvy body completely naked, as she too hopped into the tub. “You’ve got reason and logic on your side. You don’t need me.”

Hermione just huffed petulantly and crossed her arms pushing her breasts up again.

A.K. just stood there watching the smile on Harry’s face grow with every girl joining him in the tub. No one seemed to be minding him too much.

Next came in Luna who was arguing with an older, extremely attractive blonde who immediately caught A.K.’s eye.

“Narcissa Malfoy?” A.K. said in surprise.

The older woman turned to the newcomer while Luna stripped out of her clothes and put water wings on her arms. Narcissa sneered at A.K. “It’s Narcissa *Black*, for your information. And just who might you be?”

“Hi! It’s good to see you.” Luna cheerfully welcomed before A.K. could reply. She squeezed A.K.’s arm in greeting before taking a running start and doing a cannonball into the hot tub sloshing suds all around, and giving A.K. enough time to realize Padma was the one on Harry’s right.

Narcissa began tastefully removing her many layers of prim and proper robes. She asked Luna, “You know this man?”

Luna resurfaced in the middle of the tub with a smile. “Never seen him before in my life.”

“Why is he here?” Narcissa asked as she was down to her modest knickers by now. “Who is this, Harry?”

Harry smiled and shook his head as he wrapped an arm around Susan and Daphne. "Not too sure yet. He just appeared in here a few minutes ago."

Narcissa was by now completely naked and had joined Hermione, Parvati, Padma, Harry, Luna, Susan, and Daphne in the magically expanding tub. She had Harry's feet in her hands and began massaging them. "Do you have a name, stranger?" She asked without even looking at A.K.

"Aye," A.K. assured her. "I most definitely do."

"What a coincidence," Luna jumped in overly excited by A.K.'s response. "I do too! Mine's Luna. What's yours?"

A.K. snickered. "Mine's Harry. But you can call me A.K. since there's already another Harry in here."

"Nice to meet you, A.K.," Harry responded. "Mind if I ask how you got in here?"

A.K. shook his head watching all the girls taking turns rubbing parts of Harry. "Nope. For you Harry, I don't mind a bit."

Harry nodded. "Good to know. I won't ask right now, but probably sometime soon."

Hermione huffed in frustration, knowing Harry did that most likely to annoy her personally.

"Mind if I ask you a question, Harry?" A.K. inquired while Luna seemed to be disappearing underwater.

"Nope, I don't mind." Harry assured him. "But we'll have to see whether I answer it."

A.K. nodded. "Are you... dating, involved, betrothed, or anything similar to any of these beautiful young women?" He smirked and hastily added. "And Malfoy's mum too."

Narcissa snapped a frown in his direction real quick.

Harry chuckled. "Yes, I must admit, I do have something of a harem going on here."

"How'd that happen?" A.K. inquired.

"Well," Harry began looking off in the distance trying to remember it all. "I suppose it all started on my seventeenth birthday. I was called to Gringotts for a meeting about inheritances and other duties. Turns out, there were a few marriage contracts I was unaware of."

"Ahh," A.K. said as comprehension dawned on him.

"Yup," Harry nodded. "About a year before I was born my dad had been captured by Death Eaters. He was locked in a cell with Arthur Bones. They pledged to help each other break out and struck some sort of deal that left me and Susan betrothed. Arthur got out, but my dad got captured again. Then he was placed in a cell with Arthur Greengrass."

"Oh dear," A.K. whispered with wide eyes.

"Exactly." Harry assured him while the girls all smiled mischievously. "Next thing you know, escape attempt all botched, Arthur managed to make it, and my dad took a stunner to the butt. And when a daughter and a son were born another marriage contract became official. Next from what I gather, my dad woke up in a cell with Arthur Patil."

A.K. just snickered now.

Harry smiled. "Now, my dad apparently had some experience at striking ridiculous deals he didn't expect to pan out. So, in his infinite wisdom, he struck another bargain and made sure multiple wives were acceptable. Apparently some of the legalese on this one was fueled by a teenage male's fantasy."

"You don't say," A.K. agreed looking around shiftily.

"And so I was then engaged to not Padma, the older sibling, but to both Padma and Parvati." Harry explained receiving kisses on the cheek from both Padma and Parvati.

"How... *fortuitous*." A.K. grinned, loving hearing good news without any painful angst.

Harry raised his hands in defense. "I'm not complaining."

"I should hope not," A.K. assured him. "So how do the rest of these lovely ladies fit into this harem of yours?"

"Well part of my inheritance made me the Head of the Black family," Harry explained. "And on Narcissa's wishes I had her marriage dissolved since her husband was in prison."

A.K. nodded while Narcissa seemed to blush.

Hermione jumped in and smirked at her. "And part of being Lord Black is that he is to take a Black female as a mistress. Of which only Narcissa and Bellatrix were options."

"Not both?" A.K. asked.

Harry smiled and nodded in agreement. "That was my first question too."

Hermione shook her head. "No, not both. And considering Bellatrix is nutters, murdered Sirius, tortured the Longbottoms into insanity, and still has a pair of saggy Azkaban tits..."

A.K. began choking because he immediately understood what she meant by that particular choice of words.

Hermione smirked victoriously.

"And let me guess," A.K. hypothesized. "Hermione's not really muggle-born but descended from a long line of squibs and her being a witch brought another marriage contract into action?"

Harry shook his head. "No. Hermione just came with me to Gringotts to help me out with the bits I didn't understand. Griphook-"

A.K. mumbled and rolled his eyes, "It's always that damn goblin."

Harry ignored him and continued. "Griphook suggested I get someone to organize and be in charge of my affairs and those of my future wives. Hermione, always a fan of organization volunteered immediately and filled out the paperwork for her position right then and there."

Hermione rolled her eyes. "What Griphook failed to mention was that I was signing up to be Harry's first and the mother hen to his henhouse. We discovered this later, but we get along so well, we didn't even bother trying to fight it."

Harry jumped in. "Actually, I should mention after my dad and Mr. Patil tried to escape, Arthur Patil, managed to make it to freedom. While my dad failed spectacularly, knocking himself out running into a wall he thought was like the entrance to Platform Nine and Three Quarters. Turns out, it was just a wall. An impressive feat nonetheless, but after that he woke up in another cell with another person."

"I'm going to go out on a limb here," A.K. grinned. "Was it Arthur Lovegood?"

Luna's head emerged from the water as she stood up proudly. "My dad's name is Arturo, thank you very much." She dropped right back into the tub and fell out of sight.

Harry shook his head. "No, it wasn't Arturo Lovegood. Luna's not betrothed to me."

"Yet," all the other girls echoed happily.

"But it is a possibility," Harry agreed with a roll of his eyes. "She just likes playing with us."

"Okay..." A.K. said slowly and deliberately, realizing Luna was still Luna.

"No," Harry said with a shake of his head. "No, this time my dad woke up with Arthur *Weasley*."

A.K. snapped his fingers. "Damn! I should've known that one."

Harry nodded, thinking A.K. probably should have. “Anyways, by that point my dad was getting pretty good at making ridiculous promises of betrothal and in the off chance he actually did have a son. But considering the number of deals he’d already made, he figured he should give me some limited freedom. So this time with Mr. Weasley, he negotiated a marriage contract with a fair amount more leeway than the others.”

“Really?” A.K. asked. “How’s that?”

Harry smiled. “Well, I was given the freedom of *alternatives* if I found my betrothed unfit or undesirable to be a wife or mother. The way I figure it, dad was worried I’d be marrying a guy knowing the Arthur Weasley’s love monkey’s natural tendency to spit out Y chromosomes and not Xs. I mean Arthur already had five sons at that point.”

“Alternatives?” A.K. asked. Before receiving an answer, they were all interrupted by yet another person walking in, and quickly stripping off her robes revealing her naked body underneath. A.K. gasped and blurted out, “Mrs. Weasley!”

She turned and sneered at A.K. “It’s Molly *Prewett*, for your information. And just who might you be?”

“Wha... but... I mean...” A.K. struggled to decide on just what words a situation like this called for.

Narcissa smirked from the tub. “Oh please. You seemed to accept my presence easily enough. Molly’s situation is no different from mine.”

A.K. was disgusted to see the logic in that argument, and couldn’t bring himself to disagree.

Molly hopped into the tub and nodded. “Draco did take the news much better than Ron did.”

“Don’t worry,” Narcissa assured Molly with a gentle pat on the back. “I’m sure Ron will snap out of his coma real soon.”

Molly smiled slightly and nodded before frowning. "I still wish Fred and George would stop calling Harry 'dad.' That's not helping Ginny's therapy any."

A.K. felt a little ill seeing the woman who more often than not was the nearest thing to a mother a Harry Potter got. "Oh... dear."

Harry smiled as he let Molly slip behind him and give him a back rub. "Did that answer your question?"

A.K. just nodded feebly. "Yeah... it did. Umm... thanks."

"Did you have any other questions?" Harry asked with a tilt of his head.

A.K. snapped out of his daze and reexamined all the naked chicks in the tub with Harry. "Actually, I'm curious why Daphne is wearing those green skivvies while the rest of you are the full monty."

Daphne grinned lecherously at A.K. and smirked. "Edible undies. Why? You hungry?"

A.K. smiled right back at her. "Lime?"

Luna's head broke the surface of the water again and she cheered. "Her bra is lime! But her panties are sour apple!" She happily showed off her now bright green tongue.

A.K. briefly contemplated sour tastes in certain areas and just shook his head at Luna's playfulness. "Actually I have another question."

"Alright," Harry replied urging A.K. to continue.

"Voldemort." A.K. said with a dead serious expression and was pleased to see very little flinching. "Neither can live while the other survives."

Immediately Harry tensed up and was put on his guard. "You have some information that you probably shouldn't be privy to."

A.K. shook his head. "Relax Harry. No one on this world ever shared any of that information with me."

Harry stared at A.K. impassively waiting for more explanation.

"You want all of your lovely ladies to hear this conversation?" A.K. asked. "Do they know what I'm talking about?"

Harry shrugged. "I trust them. They can probably figure it out, though only Hermione has heard the exact wording."

"Very well," A.K. explained. "Here's the short answer for you: I'm Harry Potter."

A lot of narrowed, dangerous eyes stared back at A.K.

"Relax," A.K. insisted again. "I'm not here to take any of your wives or to cause your life any more undue problems. As I said, I'm Harry Potter. I learned about dimension traveling, made an oath to defeat Voldemort, and suckered myself into hopping into different worlds fighting other world's Voldemorts. S'why it's easier to call me A.K. and it's why I know the prophecy, assuming the one you got is pretty similar to the one I got. And it's also why I'm here. To help you knock off this world's Voldemort."

Harry tilted his head examining A.K. for several tense moments. "I believe you. It makes sense why I felt I could trust you immediately. As for Voldemort, he's got over a hundred Death Eaters. He kills people just to try and make me feel it through my scar. I suck at Occlumency. And I have no freaking idea how the hell I could possibly defeat him."

A.K. smiled. "Yeah, I get the feeling you're more of a lover than a fighter."

"Mmm-hmm."

"Oh yeah!"

"Uh-huh."

"I'd say so."

"You bet your bottom!"

"Mmm... bottom."

Harry blushed and ducked his head. "Well, before Professor Dumbledore went and told Snape to kill him, he led me to believe the Power He Knew Not was the power of love. So every night here in the Room of Requirement we've been working on my power of love."

"Oh yeah?" A.K. chuckled. "How's it coming?"

"Usually at least six times a night," Luna answered straightforwardly.

A.K. caught on to his poor choice of words and winced. "Thank you Luna. So I take it skull-fucking his nose slits doesn't seem like the right solution for you?"

Daphne huffed and crossed her arms. She whined at Hermione, "See? I *told* you not to rule it out."

Hermione hissed, "That would not work."

"To be honest," A.K. suggested. "I've yet to see it attempted, so you never know."

Hermione frowned at A.K.

"But yeah," A.K. nodded. "The idea of the power of love from what I can tell was simply Albus' way of ensuring you didn't turn dark. There's no love magic. There *is* sex magic. And there's magic fueled by emotions, occasionally love. Hell, the Patronus Charm is an example of that. But a special ability or mystical Power of Love is nothing but a crappy Huey Lewis song."

Harry's eyes bulged out and looked at all the naked ladies around him. "Don't tell us that! We've got a good thing going here!"

A.K. rolled his eyes at the first sign of fear or tension on this Harry's face. "How bout I make you a deal?"

Harry raised an eyebrow. "What's that?"

"No, not you," A.K. grinned lecherously. "Your ladies here."

Hermione stood up to speak for the group. "We're listening."

"You keep on doing what you're doing, keeping young Mr. Potter here happy," A.K. suggested. "And I'll go and kill your Voldemort."

"But... the prophecy," Harry worried.

A.K. shook his head. "Can apply to me just fine. Trust me. I've killed enough Voldemorts to know this."

"And?" Hermione asked, putting her hands on her hips, and shifting her weight as her upper body began to dry and from the looks of a healthy pair of things, cool off a bit.

"And..." A.K. tapped his chin in thought wondering what to ask for here. "And you all provide me with a lovely photo album of how good it can be to be Harry Potter."

"Just pictures?" Narcissa asked with a raised eyebrow having expected to be asked for more than that.

"Wizarding pictures preferably," A.K. said. "With interesting movements in them would be nice."

Luna smiled and affectionately yelled, "Pervert!"

A.K. raised his hands and feebly defended himself. "Oh no. Not for me of course." A.K. said as he looked to his left and right briefly, realizing he couldn't claim it was for the articles. "It'd make convincing the whiny, angsty, crying Harrys a whole lot easier. They'd be more cooperative if they can see first hand how good life can be."

"Ahh," Hermione said as she nodded. "Yes, Harry has been known to be quite depressed and moody."

A.K. shook his head in disbelief. "You got no fucking clue how bad some of the Harrys I meet are. It's horrible. I mean I'm practically

giddy to find a happy, smiling Harry here. This has made my fucking week.” A.K. paused and choked back a tear. “I’d be lying if I didn’t say I was mighty proud of him.”

Susan smirked and shimmied her ample upper body. “And if it means you must carry around pictures of us doing naughty, lascivious acts, then that must be your burden too?”

“You think I enjoy looking at young buxom naked women doing things to... well another me?” A.K. asked incredulously.

“I should hope so,” Harry insisted with a smile.

A.K. grinned widely as he hungrily eyed all the girls. “You bet your damn ass I do. You guys work on that album. I’ve got a Dark Lord to kill.” And without a sound A.K. disappeared. There was some discussion that he was invisible and watching them, but none of Harry’s girls seemed to mind if he was.

Three nights later, A.K. flickered into the Room of Requirement and found Harry and Hermione once again relaxing naked in the tub.

Harry smiled at A.K.’s appearance. “You said you wouldn’t mind, so now I’m asking. How’d you get in here?”

A.K. grinned at the sight of a happy Harry. A naked Hermione might have added to A.K.’s smile. “It’s the same magic I use to travel dimensions, and no, I won’t tell you how as it opens up cans of worms that you are much better off not knowing about. My destination is the same world, at the same time, but instead of a place it’s you, Harry, in particular. And the big trick to it is that it is extremely hard to ward against traveling outside of time. Very useful, as with people, I’m unsure if you’re in a place warded against apparition or portkeys or who knows what else.”

“That makes sense,” Harry nodded and turned to Hermione. “Though refusing to tell Hermione how to do it may have made you an enemy for life.”

Hermione didn’t disagree. “So how goes the Voldemort hunting?”

A.K. scoffed and waved her off. "I wouldn't be here if he weren't already dead."

Hermione snapped her head up in disbelief. "What?"

"Hermy darling," A.K. grinned victoriously. "I'm a Harry Potter. I eat Dark Lords for breakfast. You should know that."

"How did you do it?" Hermione asked.

A.K. looked at Harry. "You really want to know?"

Harry shook his head, "No." He turned to Hermione. "We really don't."

"Fine," she reluctantly agreed. "I'll go get the albums." She wiggled in place a bit and stepped up out of the tub.

A.K.'s eyes followed her body and movements before he registered what she said and asked, "*Albums*? As in plural?"

Harry nodded. "You did what you're good at. And the girls did some of the many things that they're good at. Each of them made you an album of just them, and occasionally me. There's also a much larger one subdivided by combinations of people, activities, and personal preferences on the... *severity*... of the acts depicted."

Hermione pulled out a massive stack of books she was precariously balancing as she walked over. "And we've even made an album just for you."

She handed him the top one and A.K. looked down at a picture of himself and Mrs. Weasley doing things he'd rather have never imagined. "Oh good lord. Is that bacon? Actually, don't answer that."

Hermione explained as she dropped the stack next to A.K. "We got Tonks into a pensieve memory of you and she helped us mug it up for the camera."

A.K. nodded. "I see Tonks was pretty... *generous* in some of her guesstimates. Wait, Tonks! Couldn't she have been a Black mistress? Or why isn't she in the harem?"

Harry shook his head. "Tonks' mum got booted from the Blacks, and I don't think Remus would be too pleased if Tonks joined my harem. And I know Tonks would appreciate you not mentioning these pictures to Remus."

A.K. was flipping through the book seeing himself with all of the various naked girls, occasionally in water wings with sour apple panties over his head. "I think I can keep this secret to myself."

"Oh, before I forget," Harry smiled genuinely at A.K. "Thank you for killing Voldemort."

A.K. looked up and grinned. "You're welcome. And thanks for these albums. I see your girls have gone above and beyond what I'd hoped for here. Speaking of... where are they?"

Luna's head popped up from underwater suddenly, startling A.K. as he had been here for several minutes. "Gillyweed!" she cheered stabbing her fingers into her own gills before flipping around. Her legs stuck up in the air and kicked as she was apparently diving deeper down underwater.

A.K. leaned over the side to look in the tub and sure enough, Padma, Parvati, Narcissa, Molly, Susan, Daphne, and Luna were all down there doing things that would make a merman blush. A.K. watched for a moment while Daphne seemed to be in the throes of some sort of ecstasy. A.K. stepped back with a smile. "I should probably go now. It was damn nice seeing you, Harry."

"You too, A.K.," Harry smiled back.

"God I wish more Harrys could be like you," He explained as he gathered up his new albums and began casting his dimensional traveling magic. As he swirled his wand he turned and was checking out Hermione's buoyant assets and sighed. "To think, I didn't even make one seamen joke." And with a wink he disappeared from the Room of Requirement

WORLD #405 – The One with a Dark Harry

A.K. rematerialized in a new world of his magic's choosing. He looked up at the disappointingly familiar building. "Shit." He sighed recognizing Slytherin Castle. "It's always a fucking castle. I mean sure he had to go somewhere when he got his ass kicked out of Hogwarts, but why not a shack? Or a cave? Well, maybe not a cave." He was mumbling to himself as he took a look at the protections around the area. A.K. had been to places like this one before. Sometimes Harry was captured and being tortured. Sometimes Harry was the one doing the torturing. And the fact that A.K.'s presence had yet to trigger any alarms left him thinking it was more likely the latter. "Shit."

A.K. worked his way through the castle, staying invisible and keeping his mage senses on high so that he would know if he was nearing any new wards, triggers, or people. Thus far he'd only found packs of people, which were not good for stealth interrogations. After the frustrations of not finding anyone walking alone, he turned back the other direction and thought he'd check out the dungeons that were bound to be a decent indication of what sort of world he was in.

Given the stench of decay and the bloodstains he encountered, A.K. got the feeling it wasn't going to be pretty. He had yet to find any sign of living prisoners, just empty cells that smelled like death. He maintained his invisibility walking past three Death Eaters. Two of which had green trim on their robes, while the other had silver. A.K. ignored their debates on the merits of muggle chemical weapons and moved down towards the last cell where he heard conversation. He immediately recognized Kingsley Shacklebolt and Hestia Jones.

"Albus was right!" Hestia whispered. "They cannot be killed."

Kingsley was holding a rag to his heavily bleeding arm. "It was bad enough with just the one." He winced and grimaced in pain. "I hit that fucker with a killing curse dead on. He didn't even try to block it. He just sat there and smiled."

"What can we do?" Hestia asked. "Two of the three most powerful wizards in the world are working together and if Albus' prophecy is accurate, immortal to all but each other."

"I can't believe Voldemort would accept an ally as an equal," Kingsley muttered. "Unless we can get them to work against each other, I don't know if there's anything we *can* do."

"But from the sound of it, even if we did get one of them to kill the other," Hestia retorted. "Then that would just make the other one immortal for real."

Kingsley hissed as he tried to lean back against the wall. "One immortal Dark Lord would be better than two." He sighed. "I think."

A.K. had heard enough. He kept up his invisibility but dug through his many pockets until he located a couple of freeze-dried ration packs. He magicked a quick note and tossed them into the cell. As he left he whispered into the wind, "Buck up Phoenixes. It may not be as bad as you think."

Both Hestia's and Kingsley's eyes widened at the appearance of food and the mysterious voice. Hestia pulled off the card that had been stuck to the top of the food. It read,

A.K.		
Official	Voldemort	Slayer
and all-around Dark Lord Hunter		

Hestia looked at the business card in confusion and turned it over. Hastily scrawled was a small note that said, "*In half an hour this card will activate and portkey you to just outside Hogwarts' gates.*"

Kingsley listened as Hestia read it aloud. He considered the authenticity of it, shrugged, and reached for a ration pack with his good arm.

"What if it's a trap?" Hestia warned him.

Kingsley shrugged. "We're caught and beaten. They could torture us or force us to do any number of things. Why would they need to trick us? And this seems too ridiculous for something they made up and would expect us to believe."

Hestia nodded. "It would make sense that our escape would trigger alarms, and this A.K. person or group needs the element of surprise a bit longer. But why the food?"

"We got half an hour to wait. And I'm hungry." Kingsley explained as he began to eat.

Now that he had given himself a deadline, A.K. decided the time for subtlety was over. He flipped his cloak back, keeping the invisibility on the inside lining and made himself look intimidating. He checked his backup weapons and apparated to this world's Harry Potter.

The moment he appeared, a pale young man dove forward in a roll, spinning around sending a couple flesh eating curses straight behind him. A.K. put up an obscure white shield that absorbed the two spells, and darkened as each one hit it. "Excuse me," A.K. began as he dispelled his shield. "Pardon my interruption." A.K. took a moment double-checking his initial assessment of his immediate environment. There were eight Death Eaters in the room, five with green trim, three with silver trim. And right next to him was a pair of throne-like chairs, one of which contained a pale, but almost human looking Voldemort. The other chair's former occupant A.K. recognized immediately, despite a unique looking wand hanging loosely to his side while he seemed to be examining A.K. Numerous knocks rattled A.K.'s mental shields, but he smoothly ignored them all.

Voldemort grinned at this auspicious newcomer, maintaining his calm, collected manner. "Who are you?"

"I was hoping to have a private conversation with Mr. Harry Potter."

"I am the Dark Lord Levicordus!" Harry insisted as he sent a half dozen more extremely strong spells towards the intruder. A.K. raised an eyebrow and merely apparated a few feet to the side. "Mr. Potter, I presume?"

Voldemort's eyes glazed over for a second before focusing on A.K. "According to our monitoring wards, *you* are Harry Potter."

A.K. nodded respectfully towards Voldemort. "Yes well, I didn't think I'd be welcome if I came as myself."

"Masking and manipulating a magical signature is supposed to be impossible," Voldemort replied with an implied question.

A.K. kept his guard up and smiled. "As is immortality. And with all due respect, Mr. Riddle, it is Mr. Potter I came to speak with."

Voldemort's eyes widened at the implication. While his young ally's identity was well-known, his was not. He hissed angrily, "You are not making a good impression so far, bringing up hated muggle and muggle-loving names we do not take kindly to. And you have yet to identify yourself."

A.K. shrugged. "I'm less inclined to use an honorific that's self-appointed, unless you're all willing to call me God. I figure if we're picking our titles, I'll just grab the biggest one."

Voldemort scrutinized their intruder for a moment before snapping out a Killing Curse, faster than the eye could blink. A.K. had expected this and was hoping he was lined up decently. With an intense focus on his soul, A.K. phased out of corporeal state and the Killing Curse passed straight through his cloud-like form, slamming into Lucius Malfoy, who had been sneaking up behind him. Lucius crumpled to the ground dead.

Half a dozen more curses came flying towards A.K., who held onto his incorporeal state, and ignored the spells. "Must we resort to fighting?"

Voldemort was standing over Lucius and kicked him, muttering about his stupidity. He waved off the Death Eaters. Harry hadn't even fired. He just kept watching A.K. without moving or blinking. Voldemort waved his hand, inviting him to return to corporeal state. "So what is it that you wish? An alliance? Because so far I have seen no sign that you are even a dark wizard."

A.K. regained form, and lazily bent his wrist aiming indiscriminately to his left. "*Avada Kedavra*," he tiredly incanted. The spell came

zooming out his wand and a surprised Bellatrix didn't even have time to react. "See? I can be a dark wizard if I want."

"Bella!" Harry called out in desperation. He held her lifeless head in his lap, and was smoothing out her hair while his rage began building.

"I think you have overstayed your welcome," Voldemort insisted. "And now, you must die."

A.K. began backing himself up, not wanting to deal with enemies in every direction. "I merely wanted to talk to Mr. Potter and find out why he chose to become a Dark Lord."

A.K. was dodging spells and blocking most others. "If I found myself agreeing with him, I might just leave you all alone. I've only cast one offensive spell, and that was merely to assure you I am capable of dark magic. We don't have to do this, you know."

Harry's eyes snapped up glowing bright green with power, giving his pale skin a sickly look. "Yes, we do."

A.K. saw the determination and restraint Harry was exhibiting. He had a feeling this one could get messy. Listening close, A.K. could hear Harry's breathing halt for just a moment, before the young Dark Lord had sprung into action and there were two spells headed right for A.K. He quickly cast a shield from the blood boiler, and dodged out of the way of a yellow spell he didn't recognize. The next thing A.K. saw was Harry's fist as it slammed into his jaw.

Stumbling backwards he sent off an array of bone-breakers in an arc all around Harry. Out of the corner of his eye, A.K. saw Voldemort just watching the scene in amusement. He knew he wouldn't be able to land a spell on Voldemort in surprise, but he was able to silently summon large pieces of debris that crashed into Voldemort's back. He saw Harry had managed to avoid all but one of the bone-breakers and that he seemed to be rapidly healing his shattered forearm.

Jumping directly in between the pair of Dark Lords, A.K. faked putting up a shield and instead cast a dubious spell that sent dozens of bludgeoning hexes in every direction all coming straight from a glowing nimbus of blue magic directly around A.K.'s midsection.

Harry merely batted the ones that came his direction away and returned fire with a paralysis curse. Voldemort reflected all the nearby bludgeoning hexes back towards A.K., who waited for a mere beat before apparating himself into invisibility a few feet away. Which left the two Dark Lords' spells heading towards each other.

Both of them brought up shields and counters in time, but it was obvious that these two were not used to working together. A.K. was hoping to at least frazzle them a bit. He hurriedly cast his typical set of stealth spells on himself, concealing body heat, silencing his immediate area, and masking his smell. When he saw both Harry and Voldemort scrambling around trying to spot him, he hurried around the room choosing moments when they weren't focused to take out the remaining Death Eaters with whispered Killing Curses to their backs. A few times fog spells, and paint spells spread, but A.K. kept countering those in time and maintained his cover.

Harry and Voldemort were getting visibly rattled. All the Death Eaters but one were unmoving on the ground and didn't look like they'd be ever getting up.

A.K. snuck up behind Voldemort and lined him up with the last Death Eater. When he saw Voldemort focusing solely on the last Death Eater, A.K. cast a Killing Curse straight past the elder Dark Lord hitting the Death Eater right in the throat, ending him instantly. Apparently luck was on his side, as that was the exact moment the portkey went off taking Kingsley and Hestia away, A.K. had hoped. The alarms began blaring and it gave Voldemort a moment's hesitation spinning back towards where the Killing Curse had come from. A.K. knew this would leave him open to Harry for a second, but figured it was worth the risk. He slapped his hand flat against Voldemort's chest and quickly clenched the flesh in his tightened hand. He screamed out the Ancient Egyptian soul-trapping spell, separating this soul's bonds to its horcrux pieces and preventing it from ever being split again. Voldemort gasped and shrieked as he felt the pain and tightness wrapping around him.

Harry didn't hesitate for a moment and smiled victoriously to see his Shredder curse connect on the invisible man's hip with a crack of broken bone and wet smack of torn flesh.

A.K. grunted and gasped to feel the shock of the curse hitting him, but didn't have time to think about it. A white hot ball of flame grew straight into his palm and he slammed into his heavily bleeding side, cauterizing and singeing the loose flaps of his skin. His wand hand cast a solid shield that he enchanted to hover and protect him, while he regained his bearings. He laughed looking down to see he was still mainly invisible other than what looked like a floating charred t-bone. He watched Voldemort struggle back to his feet, apparently uncertain about what happened but no doubt feeling the effects of it. Harry moved his way over to his Dark Lord ally, and he kept his wand trained on where he knew the invisible assailant to be.

A.K. canceled his invisibility as it was pointless at the moment, and he wanted to put his all into the next spell. He thought he might get a free shot and whichever one he aimed for would just take it and smile. A.K. stopped his movement and mustered up every bit of magic he could. He snapped his wand down aiming it straight at Voldemort and screamed out "*Avada Kedavra*" as loud as his lungs would allow him. He did not want to mess this up.

A.K. saw the unconcerned smirk on Voldemort's face as the spell shot from his wand. No doubt Voldemort believed himself protected from death by the power of the Prophecy. But both men were surprised to see Harry lean forward and act like he was catching the spell in his teeth. Or maybe he was just swallowing it to make it look weak. When the Killing Curse hit on the inside of Harry's mouth, he had just enough time to get a look of complete confusion and shock permanently locked on his face as his head snapped back and he fell to the floor dead.

Voldemort's smirk had only gotten bigger seeing his protégé and ally put on a bit of a show. But when he realized that this man had killed the younger Dark Lord his eyes widened in pure, absolute terror. Voldemort's head lurched back in pain at the unexpected rush, and he barely managed to maintain enough control to safely apparate away.

A.K. was unable to do anything but pant with exhaustion after connecting on a Killing Curse with this world's Harry Potter. Seeing how scared Voldemort was when faced with his own mortality, was

an unexpected but pleasant surprise. Perhaps the battle didn't quite go as planned, but it was more of a success than a failure.

A.K. caught his breath solemnly looking at Harry Potter's dead body surrounded by all these other Death Eaters. After a brief moment of reflection, he snuck around the castle, making sure there weren't any more prisoners and placed a couple dozen charges he had stored up in his trunk. Less than a minute later, he was a couple hundreds yards back and he got to watch Slytherin Castle make a very big *BOOM* as the dust and debris blanketed the sky in a haze.

Now though it was time to regroup. And perhaps get some answers from the Order.

A.K. took a couple days to heal himself up a bit. He was still limping as he walked, but no longer his movement hindered in any way. Just sore and a bit painful. He tracked down a number of past issues of *The Daily Prophet* that gave him hints of understanding, but it was always suspect how much truth you could read into a news article, particularly in a new world with an entirely different political climate. Just then he felt his tracking charm kick in as it apparently had left Hogwarts' wards and decided to see where it was headed.

A.K. followed it to a heavily protected home that he didn't recall ever seeing before. He had to fight the protection's compulsion charms and focus on his own magic in the tracking charm. Once he was inside he found himself staring down two wands pointed right at him, poised and ready to strike. A.K. grinned at the sight of Remus Lupin and Nymphadora Tonks.

"Who are you and how did you get in here?" Remus demanded holding his hand perfectly steady.

A.K. showed them his empty hands. "Relax Moony. I was wanting to talk to the old man and figured now was as good a time as any."

Remus did not care for the nickname and snarled. "The only people I ever let call me that died a long time ago. And you didn't answer either of my questions. Now try again."

A.K. quirked his mouth at the sight of the wolf in Remus getting riled up. "Have you seen or heard about a business card Kingsley and Hestia received?"

Tonks' eyes widened and she seemed to momentarily relax. "What's it to you?"

A.K. shrugged. "Well there's both of the answers you were looking for then. Name's A.K. and it had a tracking charm that finally left Hogwarts' wards and I followed it to here. Like I said, I was wanting to talk to the geezer."

"Tonks," Remus ordered. "Go get Albus, I'll keep my eye on A.K. here." The young metamorphmagus ran off to track down the Headmaster.

"Look Moony," A.K. sighed.

"Don't call me that!" Remus insisted.

"Fine, *werewolf*," A.K. said with an exaggerated roll of his eyes. "If you don't want to be referred to the way your friends do, I'll stick with your enemies' nicknames. But as I was saying, I'm not just going to-"

"What seems to be the problem here?" Albus asked as he strode up to the front door.

A.K. wasn't fooled for a moment. He smiled and slapped his knee. "Holy shit, Tonks! You're getting damn good at that. You look just like the old man. Even put my business card in your pocket to fool me. Nice try." A.K. agreed with an almost proud smile.

Albus turned towards Remus curiously. "Remus?"

Remus looked at Albus and shrugged.

Albus' facial features morphed away and his hair cycled through several colors, finally landing on a shocking pink. Tonks asked with a frown, "What gave it away?"

A.K. smiled. "Well... to be honest, I probably shouldn't say as it's not exactly something Albus spreads around. Though if I weren't me, I'd probably never notice it."

"If you weren't you, you'd probably not notice?" Remus asked back relaxing slightly in confusion.

A.K. nodded. "And if I weren't me, that statement would be a lot more confusing too."

"Right," Tonks slowly and uncertainly agreed.

A.K. thought about the situation for a moment and asked Tonks, "So how long have you been impersonating the Headmaster and when do you expect him back?"

Remus' eyes widened assuring A.K. of the accuracy of his conclusion.

Tonks sighed. "Any way you can prove your intentions or at least that you are A.K.?"

A.K. shrugged. "I'd think the knowledge of my own existence and ability to track my magic might be enough, but I know I tossed Kingsley and Hestia a couple of old ration packs and told them to buck up. Speaking of, Kingsley get healed quick enough? I didn't see any mention in a paper, though I didn't expect to."

Tonks nodded. "Yup. Madame Pomfrey got him fixed up and he was out of there within the hour."

A.K. looked at Remus who was still a bit tense. "You mind relaxing a bit, Moo-... err Lupin? How about calling a meeting as I have some news and was hoping to trade information? And I get the feeling neither of you intend to tell me where Albus is or when he'll be back?"

Remus lowered the wand, staring intently at A.K. for a good ten seconds. "Albus sent a message saying he would return tonight and to have a full meeting at 7. He can deal with you then. But until that point, we can talk. And you can start with why you keep calling me Moony and how you know about the Order."

Tonks grabbed them some alcohol while Remus led A.K. back into a more comfortable den of sorts. A.K. accepted his drink with a cautious look. He smelled it and stared at it for a moment. Even cast a couple diagnostic spells on it before smiling and taking a sip.

“Don’t trust us?” Remus asked with a grin.

A.K. shook his head negatively. “I trust you not to trust me yet. There’s a difference.”

Tonks was relaxing and enjoying her drink too. “So how come you’re still drinking? I saw it glow when you checked for truth serums.”

A.K. shrugged. “I was hoping my discussion after drinking it would get you to trust me easier, but I suppose if you want me to be honest, it’s because the serum is weak enough I can resist it easily. I wouldn’t have drunk it, if it was veritaserum. But still you must decide if my ability to resist it makes me untrustworthy or my openness about my resistance is worthy of your trust.”

“Sure it’s not the serum that’s making you say that?” Tonks smirked.

A.K. saw Remus was getting confused. He leaned towards Tonks and looked at her completely honestly. “Tonks, I want you to know, I think your base form, the real you, is the most beautiful way you can look, even considering you are a hairless albino with three penises.”

Tonks’ eyes widened and she gulped. “God I hope *that* wasn’t the serum.”

“Me too,” an uneasy looking Remus added. “And why do you call me Moony?”

A.K. looked at Remus and asked, “Because of your nickname in school?”

Remus rolled his eyes. “I figured that much. I’m wondering where you heard it and why you seem to think of me as *Moony* first.”

A.K. sat there for a moment and figured he'd see how these two respond. "Because that's what most of the Remus Lupins I've dealt with have wanted to be called?"

Remus didn't particularly care for that answer and sipped his drink. Tonks asked the most obvious one, "And just how many Remus Lupins have you dealt with?"

A.K. licked his lips and guessed, "I'm sure it's in the hundreds. Moony is one of the most dependable people I come across usually." He paused a moment until he had both of them looking at him curiously. "But never more than just the one per dimension I'm in."

Remus closed his eyes as he was didn't really want to face the truth of that question. "You really are a Voldemort Slayer, hopping from world to world as you're needed, aren't you?"

A.K. nodded. "Something like that."

Tonks barked a laugh. "So did you kill Voldemort? That why you're limping?"

"Not yet." A.K. frowned a bit as he put pressure on his still healing side. He shook his head. "So what happened to Padfoot? And why the hell did Harry ally himself with Voldemort?"

Remus snapped. "Black? He's probably the one who poisoned Harry and turned him into Lord Levicordus."

"Yeah what's up with that name?" A.K. asked. "That's awful. Sounds like a spell if you've got a lisp."

"Huh?" Tonks asked.

A.K. got a playful smile and lisped out, "I am the Dark Lord *Levicorpus*!" With his wand aimed towards Tonks, on the last word she was flipped into the air dangling by her ankle. When her face turned purple, and not from a metamorphmagic change, A.K. quickly countered the spell and let her fall gracelessly back onto the couch.

A.K. shrugged. "Sorry bout that. Couldn't help myself there. And what's this about Black? Did he never escape from Azkaban?"

"Escape?" Remus asked ignoring Tonks moans and sputters. "Thank Merlin, no. How could he escape from that place anyway?"

"Err... his animagus form?"

Remus shook his head. "As soon as I heard what happened to Peter, I told them about his ability and made sure he got a cell warded against the transformation. Traitor deserved everything he got." Remus snarled. "And after the first breakout when Voldemort freed nine of his Death Eaters, Fudge had all the other lifers Kissed immediately. Good riddance."

A.K. was biting his tongue, doubtful his insight would be appreciated at the moment. "I see." He was beginning to understand this world a bit more. "So if he never left prison, how could he have *poisoned* Harry?"

Tonks shrugged not particularly proud of any members of her mother's side of the family. "They must have been communicating somehow. Because Harry got it in his head, that Sirius was innocent and we should let him out so Harry could live with him. He even volunteered to stay with Sirius at Azkaban."

A.K. choked on his drink. "He wanted to go to Azkaban?"

Remus sighed. "I still don't know how Sirius did it."

"Did Harry live with the Dursleys at the time?" A.K. asked.

Tonks nodded. "Yeah. He'd run away for a few years but was put back with them."

A.K. sighed wondering how many times he'd wanted to kill dear old Petunia and Vernon. Dudley too, but Dudley was a bit more sympathetic, as he had an excuse. "Why was he put back with them?"

“Well,” Remus was confused. “They’re his family. And they offered him a blood protection from Voldemort.”

“How old was he when he ran away?” A.K. inquired curiously.

“He’d just turned five. It was his birthday,” Remus explained.

A.K. shook his head in disappointment and exhaled loudly. “And yet you people kept sticking your champion of the light side with abusive hateful muggles? What does it tell you that a five year old has to run away? What does it tell you that he’d rather be in prison than back there?”

“He ran away because his magic acted up on the Dursleys,” Remus explained defensively. “He was probably confused and embarrassed. There was never any indication he was being abused.”

“Really? So there were indications he was loved and happily cared for?” A.K. asked. “How many times was he checked up on before he ran away? Or even after you stuck him back with them?”

Remus frowned. “You really think he was being abused?”

A.K. stated. “You never noticed how much smaller he seemed than other kids his age? Neither James nor Lily was anything less than average. What do you think it would take to make a kid prefer Azkaban over the personal prison Number Four Privet Drive was?”

Remus shook his head. “I always assumed that was Sirius’ control over the boy.”

“You ever talk to Sirius?” A.K. asked. “You ever visit him in prison or go over his trial and the testimony against him?”

Tonks shook her head. “There was no trial.”

A.K. nodded. “I know. It’d just be nice to see logical conclusions drawn for once, rather than feeling as though I’m forced to plainly state these things.”

“What do you mean?” Remus asked dangerously. “And how would you know where Harry grew up?”

“That is something I think we all would like to know,” a wizened voice asked from the doorway.

“Albus!” Tonks exclaimed. “Your hand! What happened?”

A.K. sniffed the air as he looked over at the Headmaster’s withered, blackened right hand. “That smells fresh. I hope it wasn’t in the last two days...” He stated inquiringly with a smirk.

Albus observed A.K. very closely and found shields he knew he wouldn’t breach. “Just this morning actually. This was the best the healers could do for me.”

A.K.’s mouth twitched for just a moment before he burst out into laughter at the old man. “Oh that’s classic.”

Albus raised a curious eyebrow. “I’m sorry, I don’t believe we’ve met, which makes it all the more curious that you would even be able to be here without first hearing from me.”

A.K. shrugged. “I don’t know where we are, but I can trace my own magic back to places that are protected. And the name is A.K., old man. I figure I’ll save most of the juicy details for the meeting.”

Albus smiled jovially having already heard about Hestia and Kingsley’s close call. “Well how convenient that we are beginning the meeting now. Tonks, Remus, shall we escort our guest?”

The group made their way back to a large dining room, where there was an impressive meal waiting for them and nearly this entire world’s Order of the Phoenix.

“Good to see everyone,” Albus announced to the large gathering who were looking at the scarred man sitting in between Tonks and Remus. “I see you’ve noticed our uninvited guest. I believe some of you may have heard mention of him, but this gentleman goes by the name of A.K.”

A.K. almost laughed at the looks that attracted. He stood up and addressed them all. "I'm here to share what I know about what happened at Slytherin Castle in exchange for understanding why Harry Potter went down the path allying himself with Voldemort."

Albus' eyes were about as dim as they had ever been. "I still have hope for him. I still have hope for both of them to see the error of their ways."

A.K. grunted. "Well, that's fine and dandy, but doesn't help me any. And I'm not sure how many of your loyal Phoenixers here would agree with you on trying to give a Dark Lord another chance." A.K. could see he wasn't exactly warmly welcomed but there were a few people who agreed with him.

"What is it you would like to know?" Albus asked tiredly.

A.K. looked to Albus and asked unflinchingly, "I'm curious if you knew about the abuse?"

The complete lack of surprise on the Headmaster's face was all the answer A.K. needed. Albus solemnly responded, "I did not *know* about any alleged abuse, but I suspected his life with the Dursleys was far from perfect."

A.K. stared back at the Headmaster. "Right. A five year old is getting beaten so bad and so often that his magic reacts and protects him, and you're able to convince the world it was completely accidental. I'd be shocked if when you questioned them, the Dursleys didn't refer to him as freak, abnormal, useless, or make mention of stomping the magic out of him? Am I close?"

Albus said nothing.

"Okay then," A.K. continued. "So he runs away sick of being hated and beaten. You lot track him down and force him back to live with the monsters he was trying to escape. Sounds like a lot of evil in the name of the greater good. So how long was he gone for? Where had he run to?"

Albus sighed and explained. "He had been living with a Death Eater. The only reason we know she didn't kidnap him from the Dursleys is that she was still in Azkaban at the time."

"Bellatrix?" A.K. asked picking up on another piece.

Albus nodded. "Harry refused to cooperate with us or tell us anything about what happened, but Bellatrix was put back into Azkaban. She appears to have cared for him as if he were a son for over two years. Although from what I'm hearing now, they may recently have become involved in a *different* sort of relationship."

"So if I understand this," A.K. reiterated. "Harry gets beaten and abused. Escapes. Finds someone who cares for him and treats him well. You manage to locate him. Put her back in prison. And put him back with the Dursleys. Where he was forced to return, every year even after he started at Hogwarts?"

"You are merely speculating here on Harry's treatment at the hands of the Dursleys," Albus insisted. "Abuse can come in a variety of ways, and may or may not be too strong a term."

A.K. nodded. "True enough. I'm just trying to understand why he felt Voldemort made more sense to him than you did, that's all."

Albus sighed. "There may not be an answer to your questions. We may not know what it was that pushed him too far. Voldemort did kidnap him and use him in a rebirthing ritual. At the time, I was sure Harry was the victim and not a willing participant. But after that he started becoming far more introspective. His acquaintances, while maybe not the closest of friends, said he wouldn't talk with hardly anyone."

"Hang on," A.K. interrupted. "You're skipping another big piece of the puzzle on me."

Albus looked around the room and saw everyone listening intently. He asked, "Which piece?"

"I'm talking about when Harry tried to tell you the truth about Sirius Black."

“The truth?” Albus asked. “He claimed Sirius never killed anyone. And he asked if he could stay with him in Azkaban.”

A.K. looked over at Remus briefly and nodded. For some reason, this world's Remus needed a cold dose of reality. “Yeah, the truth. The truth that Peter Pettigrew was the Potter's secret keeper. That it was Wormtail who sold them out to *Wormtail's* dumb-ass Master. That Sirius found the wreckage of Godrics Hollow. That Sirius tried to get Harry, but Hagrid refused to let Sirius leave with his own godson, who coincidentally, with the sudden death of James and Lily, was the only one with any legal right over Harry. And so left with nothing, Sirius went after Peter, the man he knew was the traitor and cause of his friends' deaths. It took him a day to locate him in a muggle populated area, where Peter hastily set a trap. Peter framed him for killing a bunch of muggles, cut off his own finger to act like he'd been blown to smithereens, and managed to escape away in his animagus form of a rat right when the hitwizards showed up.” A.K. nodded. “Padfoot's laughing at the madness of squib-like Peter doing these things and skittering away with only one less finger.”

Remus' eyes were wide at the implications but he appeared to heavily doubt this.

“And of course then how the Ministry was too excited about the Dark Lord's downfall,” A.K. continued, “to be bothered with a trial, when all of this would have easily kept an innocent man from prison, and Harry from the abuse of the Dursleys. Not to mention this also left a completely anonymous Death Eater rat out in the world to assist in resurrecting his Master. I think you may have even awarded him an Order of Merlin.”

Tonks had tilted her head to the side, remembering details that seemed inconsequential at the time. “Harry said he didn't recognize the guy at the graveyard, only that he was missing a finger, before he cut off his entire hand.”

Albus frowned heavily trying to process all of this. “Do you have any proof of this?”

A.K. thought about it. “I killed Pettigrew in the castle Kingsley and Hestia were captives of and then exploded the whole place. He was

probably completely vaporized then.” A.K. laughed a bit at this world. “Course I didn’t think you’d all have no clue about him, or Kiss Padfoot for no reason.”

“He was a Death Eater! There was a reason!” an angry voice A.K. didn’t recognize yelled out.

A.K. rolled his eyes. “Right, right. Satan forbid, you have to alter your perceptions any. I’m just trying to understand why your *hero* of the prophecy saw you guys as the villain. I mean he’s only been beaten and abused, finds someone who cares for him, sees her taken away, and he goes back to being beaten and abused. Then goes to school where shit piles onto him, I’m sure. Probably got found out as a Parselmouth and everyone called him names like *dark* and *evil*. Then finds out his godfather is supposed to be the one caring for him, not the people you kept sending him to. Of course no one listens to him about his godfather. He gets caught up in more people calling him names, gets kidnapped, and used in a resurrection ritual. Probably got called more names then and shortly thereafter the woman who cared for him is out of prison. Then the best link to his parents and one of the few who truly cared for him, gets Kissed despite a decade and a half in prison without a trial. And so what do you guys do to help him? You send him back to the Dursleys to get...what again? Oh, I’ll just take a wild guess here and say *beaten and abused*.” A.K. felt like smacking these people. “Sheesh. It’s hard to believe he’s not your golden boy of the prophecy.”

“Those fucking Dursleys!” Remus snarled out.

“Oh yeah,” A.K. leveled a stare at Remus. “Of course. This mess is all *their* fault.” A.K. kept his glare focused on Remus and Albus in particular.

“Your theories do make sense.” Albus sighed sadly. “But it doesn’t exactly help us with our current predicament. I believe you were going to share with us a bit more about yourself and what happened at the castle you so eloquently exploded?”

A.K. saw the Headmaster seemed awfully unsurprised at what most here would call startling revelations. Sadly A.K. knew very little about this world and for the moment had to give these people the benefit of

the doubt. "I never said anything about sharing info about myself, as so far, everything I've heard leaves me with a lot of doubts about the lot of you. But you said you still had hope for Harry?"

Albus nodded sadly.

"Well, forget about those hopes," A.K. explained. "Because I killed him. Anyone mind if I smoke?"

Having just announced something they all thought to be impossible, A.K. had managed to stun them into a brief silence.

"No one?" A.K. smiled as lit his cigarette. "Great." A.K. exhaled happily. "Yeah, that's the thing with that prophecy you guys like so much. It doesn't quite work with me. Keeps me in business that way."

Albus kept the surprise off his face, though he was slow to respond. "And how did you manage to... kill him?"

A.K. smiled. "Well I was aiming for Tom, to be honest. Harry just thought he'd be a smart-ass and tried to eat my Killing Curse. Kinda ruins the surprise of the prophecy not affecting me, when the first one drops dead in front of the other."

Albus' eyebrows rose rapidly. "You were dueling both of them?"

A.K. nodded. "Couple of right powerful bastards they were, but they ain't used to having to work together. I killed Bellatrix on a whim, and I think that really pissed Harry off." A.K. sighed remembering Harry's response. "Understandably so, now that I hear more about him."

"How many did you kill?" Albus softly asked, unsure if he wanted to know the answer.

A.K. was fingering his cigarette still. "Well, Tom actually killed Lucius though he was aiming for me. I then killed Bellatrix when they didn't seem to believe me capable of dark magic. That got them all riled up, so I slipped into stealth mode and killed the other six Death Eaters in the room, one of which was Peter Pettigrew. I think the others were a couple of Carrows, a Parkinson, a Nott, and... someone else. Snape wasn't there if that's what you're worried about." A.K. paused.

“Course if Snape was helping you lot out, you’d probably have heard about Wormtail. Ain’t you got any spies at all?”

Albus shook his head in disappointment. “We received the heads of the last three we had as ‘a gift from Lord Levicordus.’ We didn’t find out that Harry had fashioned himself a new name until shortly after that.”

A.K. spotted Albus’ hand as he rubbed his temples. “Oh that reminds me! Albus, you should get a laugh out of this one. I knew the prophecy wouldn’t protect them, but they didn’t. So before I was going to try a Killing Curse on either of them, I managed to bind Voldemort with an Egyptian Soul Trap. It came at the cost of giving Harry a free shot at me, but I was hoping to get this done in a one-off.”

“Egyptian Soul Trap?” Albus looked confused. “I’ve never even heard of that. What is it?”

A.K. chuckled. “It snaps all of the bindings to a horcrux, and prevents his soul from ever being split again, at least until he figures out how to remove the Soul Cage. But part of the capture severs any current connections, including those to say... Marvolo Gaunt’s ring.”

“So any horcruxes Tom has made...?” Albus was asking looking down at his hand.

“Exactly,” A.K. nodded. “Nullifies their primary purpose. They’re still a piece of his soul, but they become a separate entity. And it’s less than a half-entity. Somewhat dangerous still, but their purpose as it pertains to the original caster is ended. They no longer bare any connection to anyone and have no hold on souls passing on to the next great adventure.” He finished with a triumphant smirk.

Albus sighed and restrained himself from pouting. He added, “That explains how you were able to kill Harry too, even getting around the prophecy. Because those two have placed pieces of their soul into each other. Your Soul Trap must have severed Harry’s piece from himself too.”

"That makes sense," A.K. explained. "Because those two also bound themselves by blood and magic in case either of them was killed."

"What?" Albus said jumping from his seat.

A.K. shrugged and nodded. "Yeah, right now Tom is somewhere in pain, acclimating to gaining all of Harry's power and sorting through his knowledge and memories. This was a little over two days ago, so he'll probably be out of commission and working on that for another 4 days approximately."

"Are you sure?" Albus asked, fearful of a Voldemort with all of Harry's power.

A.K. considered the question and replied, "Not certain, but every time it happened to me, it always took about a week."

Albus stopped and stared at A.K. carefully. "You've absorbed others' power and knowledge?"

A.K. shook his head. "No, not *others*," A.K. insisted with a roll of his eyes. "It's only happened three... no four times. And it's been Voldemort every time."

This answer did not allay the Headmaster's worries.

"I can't tell if what you're saying makes sense or if I want it to." Tonks said as she seemed to stare off into space.

A.K. sighed and frowned. "And I can't tell, if it's worth seeking retribution for what happened to Sirius and Harry."

Kingsley looked up dangerously. "I thought *you* killed Harry."

"I killed the *Dark Lord Levicordus*," A.K. explained. "Harry, on the other hand, was just a kid, helpless against a corrupt society that destroyed or took away every thing and person that seemed to care for him. Hell, the two most powerful wizards born in the last century have fallen victim to this Dark Lord breeding ground you've got going. Your problems run a lot deeper than just the big bad evil Dark Lords."

"You're... you're not going to help us kill Voldemort?" Tonks asked honestly. "But won't he still be protected by the prophecy?"

Albus remembered the business card. "I thought this is what you do? *Kill the bad guys?*" He finished in distaste for A.K.'s lack of respect for life.

A.K. nodded. "Yeah, so you tell me? Who're the bad guys around here? Who puts an innocent child with abusive guardians? Repeatedly? Who takes away the only thing that matters to a man, before leaving him to rot in prison? Who refuses him a trial before finally giving him a fate worse than death? Because I mean by leaving him alive and under the tortures of constant dementor exposure, you also gave Harry hope for a better life. It sounds a lot more merciful to me to just kill the innocents rather than toying with their emotions, and the emotions of those that know them. Are you asking me to start hunting down all the *bad guys* in this world?"

Albus frowned severely.

"Because I can guess a few of the names that would be near the top of that list," A.K. threatened staring intently at the Headmaster.

More than a few people were looking at Albus Dumbledore differently now. Albus sighed and the silence hung in the room for over a minute. The controlled powerful stare of Albus Dumbledore looked up right into A.K.'s eyes. Albus softly asked, "How much?"

A.K.'s mouth broke into a small grin at Dumbledore accepting that he needing A.K.'s help. "What are you asking for specifically here?"

Albus' control never wavered. "To kill Voldemort. You know we are unable to because of the prophecy, and you seem to be capable and our best hope. How much just to kill Voldemort and make sure he cannot come back?"

A.K. was smiling and drumming his fingers. He acted like he was running through some numbers in his head. He briefly considered how badly he wanted this Voldemort gone, and what his magic would do if he tried to fight it. And he certainly didn't want this world to get their problems solved by pure chance. But he doubted there was

anything they could offer him that he would want. He had no need for more weapons, whores, or money. Might as well make them pay through the nose for it. After a long tense silence he pulled out another cigarette and lit it. "Ten million galleons."

A number of gasps and guffaws were let out at A.K.'s pronouncement.

Albus saw the confidence and seriousness on this strange man's face. "How soon could you do it?"

Many gasped again as Albus seemed to immediately accept his asking price.

A.K. smirked thinking this evening just may turn out to be fun. "How soon could you get me my money?"

"I could write you a bank draft from Hogwarts as soon as we have confirmation." Albus explained.

A.K. whistled with a smile. "That'd have to nearly wipe out all of her accrued savings and put off those repairs a few more years."

"We could manage," Albus agreed with a grin. "It'd be worth the price for just the children's safety, let alone the rest of the world."

"You want confirmation, huh?" A.K. asked while he rubbed his thumb and forefinger together. Slowly a bubble grew from the friction in his fingers and he pushed his cigarette to float lazily inside the bubble. "I can do you one better than that." With a vicious tear A.K. apparated through their wards, leaving the whole of the Order sitting there in confusion.

Albus' steady face faltered and looked momentarily surprised.

It was only about fifteen seconds later, that A.K. reappeared right next to his floating cigarette. He brought with him a naked, pale, cut, heavily bleeding man, who was writhing in pain and unaware of his surroundings. Many people screamed when they realized it was the Dark Lord Voldemort. A.K. jumped up onto the table, grabbed Voldemort under the arm and held him up in front of him, staring

straight at the Headmaster. "Here's your confirmation. A front row seat to that which you wish for, but seem incapable of doing yourself."

Albus' eyes widened and he called out, "A.K.! No!"

A.K. paid him no mind and grabbed Voldemort's sweaty, blood-covered body in a tight bear hug. "Witness the final moments of your Voldemort!"

All the magic in the room seemed to halt leaving a moment of stale emptiness before both A.K. and Voldemort exploded in a shower of blood, guts, and gore. Order members shrieked as chunks of the Dark Lord splattered across their arms as they hastily tried to protect themselves.

Albus had been watching very closely, and saw in the split second Voldemort exploded. A.K.'s body flicker out of existence, back in briefly, and then out once more as Albus hurriedly shielded himself from the majority of nothing more than a pink mist.

Everyone sat there in complete and total shock, most of them unable to cope with what they had witnessed. After about ten seconds of shared looks of disbelief and silence, there was a crackling sound and flicker as a calm and clean A.K. reappeared right next to the blood-soaked bubble protecting his cigarette. He canceled his spell and snatched his smoke right out of the air as it began to fall. A.K. didn't have a smile on his face, just an unconcerned expression of disinterest. "There's a whole lot of Voldemort around here you can confirm all you want on. Now can you make that bank draft out to *Cash?*"

Albus just stared at A.K. wondering what the hell just happened, how that was even possible, and how this man could be so callous about taking a life. "Would you mind explaining what you just did and how you did it?"

A.K. shrugged as he continued smoking his cigarette. "I told you he was going to be in pain and out of it for another few days. I also informed you I can track my own magic. A soul cage is especially easy to locate. No idea where he was, but it was a room with no apparent doors or windows. And certainly no one else around to see

him weakened. Probably a Fidelius of his own, that he was the secret keeper for. No matter, I grabbed him and brought him here. Tricky part about soul cages like the one I used though is you can't release them. But you can contract them down to magic, and then kill the body." A.K. explained. "It just comes at the expense of your own life."

Albus was wiping the sweat off his forehead, trying to cope with this new information. "So you died taking Voldemort's remaining soul with you?"

A.K. smirked. "I know a thing or two about how to manipulate death. Getting stuck with a Voldemort's knowledge has been known to do that." A.K. stopped a moment enjoying the fearful looks he was receiving. "Now if you don't mind, I would like to leave this poor example of a world soon, and hopefully never return. But first there is the matter of my payment..."

Albus nodded, willing to pay this man just to get him to leave their world. He scrambled through many of his pockets until he located the business ledger for the school. He scribbled out the note and slid it over to A.K.

A.K. grabbed the bank draft and looked at it briefly, nodded indicating everything looked in order and stood up, stamping out his cigarette on their table. He folded the draft and stuffed it into his robe's lining. "As much fun as it might be to think you've all learned a valuable lesson today, I ain't that fucking stupid. Goodbye and good riddance." And with a loud pop A.K. once more apparated through their wards disappearing from the Order's headquarters.

No one in this world either saw or heard from him again, and the story printed in the papers held as much fiction as it held truth. But every muggle homeless shelter and hostel all across the European continent passed out free t-shirts and jumpers in loud colors all proclaiming "*Pureblood and Proud.*"

WORLD #420 – The One with The Sight

A.K. nearly fell when he managed to reappear sitting down in a chair. He swung his arms wildly trying to catch his balance unnecessarily. He steadied his arms on the sides of the unmoving but extremely comfortable chair. He was also distracted to notice the tray of chocolate flavored chocolate chip mini muffins in front of him. He looked around the kitchen as sunlight streamed in through the window and was startled when an egg timer immediately began ringing.

“You’re late,” a young man said right as he hurried into the kitchen. He slipped on an oven mitt and crouched down. “I was expecting you almost half an hour ago. I’m afraid your mini-muffins are probably not even warm still. But I’m about to take some peanut butter chocolate chunk cookies out from the oven if you like.”

“Excuse me?” A.K. asked in confusion.

The young man hadn’t even turned around still. “They’re peanut butter cookies but I added in large chunks of semi-sweet chocolate.”

A.K. looked at the bit of ass crack showing through the back of the young man’s pajamas and began to wonder if this was a common problem many Harry Potters had. “Err... right.”

“The muggles call it plumber’s butt,” he explained apparently aware he was being watched. “Personally, I just like the open air breeze. You need not stare if it bothers you.” He pulled out the cookies after finding them suitably done. He stood up and set the tray of cookies onto the stove to cool. “A.K... can I call you A.K.? Or would you prefer someone to call you Harry again?” The young man spun back around and for the first time A.K. saw his eyes. They were completely milky white without any coloring of any sort.

A.K. was surprised and mildly impressed. “Do you go by the name Harry?”

The young man smiled and nodded. “I do, but I get to be called Harry all of the time. For the duration of your stay on this world, I can go by my middle name of James. I think Dad would like that too.”

A.K. smiled. "Naw, that's alright. A.K.'s grown on me."

"Very well A.K.," Harry grinned. "You can call me Harry if you find that more comfortable. Don't let the little lady scare you."

"The little lady?" A.K. asked uncertainly.

"Hello," Luna said, approximately three inches from A.K.'s ear. A.K. fell out of his extremely comfortable chair in fright beginning to hyperventilate.

"*That* little lady," Harry explained as he began to scrape the fresh cookies onto a plate. "I think she enjoys making us both uncomfortable."

"God dammit Luna," A.K. said clutching his chest as he sat back down into his chair. "That's not funny."

She turned to stare at the newcomer in her kitchen. "Do I look like I'm laughing?"

A.K. chuckled. "You look unabashedly amused. I'd be even more scared if you *were* laughing."

"I don't like him, Harry." Luna pouted. "Can I kill him?"

Harry shook his head with a smile.

"Is she serious?" A.K. asked looking at Luna oddly.

Luna shook her head. "No, I'm Luna. Sirius is dead."

A.K. looked at the serene blonde and eventually started laughing. "It says a lot that only Luna could joke about that."

"Luna," Harry scolded with a warm smile. "If you don't behave I'll be forced to not spank you."

A.K. thought he heard wrong until he remembered who was being reprimanded.

Luna pouted again. "Fine, I'll be good."

"If you'll excuse my wife," Harry explained.

"Wife?" A.K. interrupted in surprise. "Is she even of age?"

"She's older than I am," Harry mysteriously explained. "And we haven't gone through our marriage ceremony yet. But we both have seen it. It will be beautifully unique."

A.K. nodded as he munched on a lukewarm mini-muffin. "Your gift foretold my coming I take it?"

"Yes and no." Harry continued as he offered A.K. a fresh cookie. "My wife informed me that she would try to cheat on me with me. Apparently I desperately needed a break."

"Really?" A.K. smiled as he looked over at Luna.

"Yes really," Harry explained. "Notice I said 'try' though. It's not going to happen."

A.K. frowned. "Shame that. What was I thinking?"

Harry grinned. "I'm not sure even you know the answer to that one."

A.K. shook his head at Luna's playful batting of her eyelashes. "Pity. You said something about a break?"

"Yes, the powers that be seem to think you could use a little time to relax and remind yourself why you do what you do."

"Why I do what I do?" A.K. asked. "I do it because I made a stupid ass oath."

Luna piped up as she tilted her head. "One reason is not necessarily the only reason."

Harry nodded and added, "There was a reason you felt compelled to make the oath in the first place. You can't fight as well as you can when you don't remember why you're fighting."

"So I'm here to be reminded of the horrors of war?" A.K. munched on another still warm cookie. "I think I remember pretty clearly."

Harry quirked his mouth into a grin. "No, A.K. I'm sure you're quite familiar with those. This is just time to relax and take in the simple pleasures. The things you wished for, for your own world."

A.K. got a bit of a smile. He hadn't thought about his own world for a while. "So that's it? I'm to take a little vacation? No Voldemort worries for once?"

Harry shook his head sadly. "Not exactly. Part of my gift leaves me unable to do my prophesized duty. There is still a Voldemort here, in hiding. We've destabilized his entire power base and he has very few followers. But I've got all the information you will need in a journal on the desk in the other room. It should be one of your easier jobs. You can get it out of the way first if you want and then relax for a couple of weeks. Or you can take a break here and deal with it later."

A.K. smirked up at Harry. "You already know which one I'm doing, so why ask?"

Harry smiled. "Because it's polite?"

Luna smacked Harry in the back of the head as she grabbed a cookie. "Don't believe him. He saw himself asking."

"Anything I should know before I go and take care of business?" A.K. asked as he got up.

Harry shook his head. "Dumbledore already knows a traveler from another world will be ending Voldemort. The Order is fearing little green men from outer space."

A.K. snickered and cast a few self-transfiguration spells to lengthen his neck, shrink his body and change his skin color. "Well, I'll make sure I don't disappoint."

"Pick up some milk on your way back," Harry asked. "I'll be pulling out some fresh brownies then."

The little green man smiled brightly and waddled into the room to get the journal. He skimmed over a half dozen pages of notes and placed

his three fingered webbed hand over his heart. He phased out of time and space with his alien battle cry of "Meekrob!"

"I got the milk!" A.K. called back victoriously. "You got the brownies?"

"Welcome back," Luna said with a smile.

A.K. stopped and nearly dropped the milk on the ground. Luna was relaxed on the couch reading the Quibbler naked as the day she was born. She folded down her paper showing off her extremely pert young breasts. "Did you have a good murder?"

A.K. just sat there and stared, completely entranced. "Umm... err..."

"Brownies are out!" Harry called from the kitchen. "They won't stay this moist and melty forever!"

A.K. looked down at the milk he brought, looked down the hallway towards the kitchen, and then looked over at Luna's smiling face and trim toned little body. He could smell the brownies. "Oh god dammit! I've got the milk." A.K. clenched his eyes shut as he tore his gaze away and hurried to the kitchen for some brownies. "These better be damn good brownies."

"Don't worry, no walnuts." Harry spun around to see A.K.'s frustrated grin. "Luna's naked, isn't she?"

A.K. grumbled as he poured three glasses of milk.

Harry called loudly, "You won't get brownies if you're don't put at least a robe on!"

A frustrated huff could be heard.

Harry clarified, "That covers your bits!"

"I hate you!" Luna called back from the other room.

Harry grinned at A.K. and traded him a steaming brownie for a glass of milk. Harry grinned, "You know I tried and tried to see, but I never could figure out if you wanted cheesecake brownies. So I made both."

A.K. saw the second tray of cheesecake brownies coming out of the oven. "Nice to see you're putting that gift to good use."

Luna came in tying her robe around her waist. "It's like watching a porno we've yet to make."

A.K. nodded thinking that's a pretty damn good existence.

"I've named my pussy *Deuce*," Luna said as she stared off into space. "You might want to consider doing the same. I think it's an apt name."

A.K. fought down his initial impulse as his mind cycled through inappropriate puns. "I'll... umm... keep that in mind. Thanks for sharing."

"The journal is for you to keep," Harry explained. "You can use it to send us letters, and it should work across worlds. In case you want a pen pal you don't have to constantly re-introduce yourself to. And I would appreciate it if you dropped by before you left this world. Some pictures of your trip would be nice and Luna would probably like a snow globe, but that's up to you."

Luna smiled as she dipped her brownie into her milk. "I can be naked again."

A.K. smiled at Luna and Harry. "I'll see what I can do." A.K. finished off the rest of his fourth brownie and stood up. "I think I am going to take myself a little vacation now. I'll thank you when I get back. Send my journal a letter if you need anything."

Luna and Harry waved goodbye. Harry said "Bon Voyage!" while Luna practiced shooting milk out her nose just as A.K. disappeared.

A.K. reappeared with a smile on his face. He found himself staring at Luna laying naked on black silk sheets. Luna flashed her eyelashes up at A.K. "Anything I can do... *for* you?"

A.K.'s eyes widened. "Oh good gravy!"

"Apple pie is fresh out of the oven!" Harry called out from the kitchen. "We've got vanilla ice cream that melts right into the cinnamon crumble crust!"

"Sweet mother of mercy!" A.K. called out in joy. He smiled at Luna's naked body. "It's good to see you, Luna." A.K. turned and ran into the kitchen. "I'll take a big slice!"

"Welcome back, A.K.," Harry greeted. "You seem to be in good spirits."

A.K. nodded. "It was a nice break."

"Luna's naked again, isn't she?" Harry playfully frowned.

"Oh yeah," A.K. said with a happy laugh. "You know come to think of it, how the hell do you guys eat all these desserts and stay in such taut firm delicious shape?"

Luna came into the kitchen tying her robe on once more.

"You hear that, honey?" Harry asked Luna as he cut her a slice of pie. "A.K.'s wondering how we stay in shape."

Luna smiled happily. "Hmm... I wonder."

Harry smiled back. "Yup, we may need to come up with a vigorous sweaty fat-burning regime. Probably a lot of repetitions of a variety of exercises, to really make sure we're working off all those extra calories in all the problem areas."

Luna tapped her chin in thought. "Washing machine?"

Harry shook his head. "Nope."

"Power sander?"

"Don't think so."

"Hmm..." Her eyes lit up in hope. "Wrestling ring?"

Harry smiled and nodded. "I got dibs on Poppycock Pomfrey!"

Luna frowned but called out, "If Fred and George drop by, I call Weasley triplets!"

A.K. accepted a slice of pie a la mode. "Poppycock Pomfrey? Do I even want to know?"

Harry struck a heroic pose. "One of our more popular costumes for playing healer. Poppycock has assless chaps," he said with a firm slap on his own bum before putting his hand over his heart, "a heart of gold." Harry flexed his muscle and slapped his tricep. "And an elbow drop of steel."

A.K. swallowed his bite of apple pie and ice cream with a look of pure ecstasy on his face. "I'm sorry I asked."

Luna nodded. "We get plenty of exercise. And the best part is if I can pinch an inch, I get to use the paddle."

Harry seemed to have a faraway look at the concept of 'the best part.' He remembered he had company and saw the slightly worried smile on A.K.'s face. "So... how was your trip?"

A.K. grinned and reached into his pocket for some pictures. "Here are some shots from the surveillance cameras of the bank I robbed."

"Oooh fun!" Luna cackled looking at the pictures.

"A.K.!" Harry frowned. "We could have given you all the money you needed."

A.K. shrugged. "I've got plenty of my own too, but I just like spending other people's money more. Bank was insured, no one got hurt." A.K. bit his tongue. "Well, not too bad anyhow."

Luna was inspecting the pictures. "I take it that's you looking like the Headmaster... shirtless?"

A.K. just grinned.

Harry looked at the pictures and snickered. "I think the rainbow striped suspenders add a nice touch of realism to the outfit."

"I thought so too," A.K. agreed. "And once I had my financial situation resolved, I ended up in the land of dreams." A.K. handed them the next group of pictures.

"Vegas!" Luna squealed happily.

"Gambling, hookers, lots of food, gambling, and hookers!" A.K. described. "It was delightful."

"I'm sure," Harry agreed, blushing a little at some of the pictures he was looking through.

Luna gasped. "That looks like my armpit!"

A.K. raised his hands in defense. "A fella's allowed to polyjuice a hooker, isn't he?"

Harry just shook his head and smiled at A.K. "Well, I certainly can't fault your taste."

A.K. nodded. "I took out some of the pictures I thought might bother you."

"You're all heart," Harry rolled his eyes. "So did you take in any shows while you were there?"

A.K. smirked proudly. "What kind of a wizard would I be if I passed on the magic shows?"

Luna pointed to a picture. "Is that why you took so many of this man crying?"

"Yup," A.K. nodded. "That was one of the local magicians. I just did little things to throw him off his game. Like when he pulled a rabbit out of his hat, I turned it into a kitten. He was more surprised than everyone else in the crowd."

Harry was looking at a picture from the show.

A.K. pointed at it and said, "Oh yeah! He does this thing where drags his bandana through his hand. It changes the color and he *magically* pulls it out as a really long scarf. I just thought a little eight foot scarf was unimpressive and made it about a half mile long. He was pulling the thing out of his sleeve for 15 minutes before he gave up and cut it off. The crowd was laughing a lot more than he was."

Harry nodded at the humorous picture. "Yes, this looks like when he started to cry."

"Oooh!" Luna squealed. "A tiger!"

A.K. smiled brightly and laughed. "Oh yeah! There was this two man show, and by man, I mean like flamboyantly, theatrically, festively, *pureblood*, kind of a man, if you know what I mean." A.K. gave Harry a none too subtle nudge.

"Yes, I think we got it," Harry readily admitted after whispering an explanation in Luna's ear.

"Anyways they do this show with a tiger, and I thought it might be fun to rile the tiger up a bit, you know? So I..." A.K. paused and his smile went away. "Actually, that one really wasn't quite so funny. Let's move on."

Harry thought he might want to track down some of the recent Vegas newspapers. "So where did you go after Vegas?"

A.K. looked at Harry oddly. "What do you mean?"

"Well," Harry thoughtfully explained. "when you left Vegas, where did you go next?"

"Leave Vegas?" A.K. asked as Luna echoed, "Leave... Vegas?"

"Why would I ever want to do that?" A.K. asked. "I've seen and traveled all over the world many times. Vegas is the best place on earth!" A.K. frowned. "Did I mention the gambling and hookers?"

Harry shook his head ruefully. "Forgive me for thinking there was more to life. It's comforting to know the depths and high quality of characters other Harry Potters possess."

A.K. snickered and nodded. "Oh we're a motley bunch alright." A.K. frowned. "It's a little depressing how many times I feel the need to kill us." A.K. shrugged. "But I haven't regretted a single one."

Harry sat back and smiled at A.K. "Can I ask you one of your secrets?"

A.K. nodded. "Be my guest. No promises on whether I'll answer though."

"Your immortality," Harry inquired. "I've seen you take a Killing Curse, and then reappear in a new body next to your dead one. How?"

A.K. replied. "Ahh, I suppose you're one of the few that can tell I'm really hit and killed by that."

Harry nodded.

"Well, as you may have guessed, I took some... slightly drastic measures," A.K. explained. "To ensure I wouldn't doom my own world to Voldemort. I split my soul and made a horcrux."

"That's what I thought," Harry said.

"And here's why I don't mind sharing this information as it's not much of a security risk." A.K. smirked. "I knew a horcrux was only as safe as it's hiding space, particularly as evidenced in Voldemort's many downfalls. But so far he's always been limited by hiding them on his own world and in his own dimension."

Luna was listening intently as well.

"But I wasn't restricted by that and could hide my horcrux in any of an infinite amount of worlds. And I found an even better solution, through my myriad of studies in dimensions, including," A.K. paused and winked at Luna. "Creating them. So the other half of my soul exists not only in a dimension only I can reach, but actually in a world I

crafted as needed. The environment responds to my needs and with further knowledge on horcruxes from a few of the Voldemorts I've come across, it takes little effort to fashion myself a new body. Then I just dimension hop right back into existence next to my old dead one. It wasn't always this easy," A.K. shrugged. "But it always looked that easy as long as I can control reappearing at the same moment I get killed, or bitten in half, or drunk enough to eat four bags of Pop Rocks before drinking a coke." A.K. shook his head. "Not going to do that one again."

Luna sat up and smiled. "So I *could* kill you!"

A.K. nodded. "Sure, we can come up with fun way if you like!" A.K. pointed at Luna gleefully. "Have you ever fired a rocket launcher?"

"No!" Harry jumped in with a grin. "Luna, don't go getting ideas now. You can't kill anyone without losing your gift. Even indirectly!"

Luna sighed and turned away from Harry. "Must you ruin *everything*!"

Harry rolled his eyes at Luna's playfulness. He turned to A.K. "Do you mind if I ask about your horcrux?"

A.K. nodded. "Only because you asked nice."

Luna turned back around and clapped happily. "So who did you murder *in cold blood*?"

Harry wagged his finger at Luna. "You're not allowed to enjoy this too much. We are talking about murder."

Luna snapped a glare at Harry and wagged her finger back. "For the greater good!"

A.K. just laughed. "Murder in cold blood for the greater good. Wonder if you could sell Albus on that one."

Luna nodded with complete certainty. "I could."

Harry just shook his head and looked at A.K. "You don't have to answer, I was just curious."

A.K. nodded. "I found it awfully convenient that we almost always stop Padfoot and Moony from killing Peter. And even just the term *life debt* implies so much."

Harry found himself smiling at the idea. "I believe Albus even warned me he had a feeling that Peter still had a role yet to play in the Dark Lord's downfall."

A.K. agreed. "Another reason I'm always curious how much Albus knows and how much he's just acting like he knows."

Harry and Luna said in unison, "Not even Albus knows how much he knows."

"I know that," A.K. said as he stopped to think about it. After a comfortable pause A.K. felt that itching of the oath pushing him. He stood up and announced, "I think it's time for me to get back to work."

Luna hopped up and hugged A.K. "It was lovely meeting you. Any time I need a murder done, you'll be the first person I think of."

"Thanks, Luna," A.K. hugged her back and stealthily squeezed her ass. "Oh! I just remembered," A.K. reached down his pants and pulled out, "One snow globe from Vegas just for you."

Luna took pleasure in vigorously shaking the miniature city. She managed to hold in most of her cackles.

A.K. smiled at her playfulness and turned just in time for Harry to grab him in a tight hug too.

"Thanks A.K.," Harry said as he reached around and squeezed A.K.'s ass happily. "If you ever want me to try and see something to make your job easier, you need only ask. And you're always welcome to drop by for fresh cookies."

A.K. wiggled a little uncomfortably at the ass-grab, but figured he deserved it. "I appreciate it. I'll give you updates in the journal."

"Later you two," A.K. said as he began to cast his dimension traveling magic. He was moments away from disappearing when Luna

dropped her robe to the floor revealing her completely nude body.
“Sure you don’t want to do me before you go?”

A.K.’s eyes just widened and he flickered away from there with nothing but happy thoughts on his mind.

WORLD #452 – The One with the Prisoner of Azkaban (No, Not That One)

“Azkaban?” A.K. said the moment he appeared. “What the fuck does it say about me that I’m in fucking Azkaban so damn often.” A.K. grumbled to himself, realizing he was in the phone booth in the middle of a barren lifeless island shore covered with sharp jutting rocks everywhere. A.K. looked up to the sky and seemed to be addressing magic itself. “And why the hell did you put me at the fucking entrance?”

A.K. knew the drill, though he really wondered if wizards were stupid enough to think this made sense or fooled muggles who accidentally made it to Azkaban through all the many massive layers of wards. He picked up the headset and dialed in 5878423. It spelled out *justice*, though every time A.K. was tempted to just dial 8675309. He’d tried that number enough times to know that it never did connect him to Jenny, but one of these times he thought it might work.

The voice of the invisible woman in the phone booth on the rocky barren island shore spoke up pleasantly. “Welcome to the island prison of Azkaban. Please state your name and business.”

A.K. rolled his eyes at the thought that this provided any sort of security or legitimate purpose. “I am the Dark Lord Voldemuggle and I’m here to do some unsolicited recruiting.”

“Thank you,” said the woman’s voice. “Visitor, please take the badge and attach it to the front of your robes.”

With a whirring sound followed by a loud stamping *chump* sound, a square silver badge came out of the change portion of the pay phone. It read *Dark Lord Voldemuggle, Highly Likely Breakout*. A.K. just shook his head and put his badge on.

“The island prison of Azkaban wishes you a pleasant day,” the voice finished resolutely. “Please do not feed the dementors.”

A.K. once again pondered the absurdity of this as he stepped out of the phone booth and merely walked up towards the metal gates fencing in the prison. The metal gate presented what A.K. counted as

another of the so-called impenetrable prison's failings. At only ten feet high, the dementors could quite easily float right over them, so they weren't to keep the dementors in. And with the bars spaced a good half meter apart, you barely even had to turn sideways to walk straight through them.

A.K. disillusioned himself and walked right past the one wizard guard on the island. The guard had the wireless playing and was reading the Daily Prophet. A.K. probably didn't even need to disillusion himself, as he never even looked up. As soon as he crossed through the next doorjamb A.K. felt the coldness began to surround him. "Fucking dementors."

He cast a warming charm around his body and pulled his cloak a little tighter. He managed to avoid running into any patrolling dementors and a few point-me spells later found himself in the dreaded Maximum Security Wing. Of course there was no more security here than anywhere else, they'd just changed the name from Cell Block D to Maximum Security Wing to make it sound more imposing. He recognized a few death eaters in various states of madness and wailing in pain, while A.K. forced his mind to do its best to ignore the effects the dementors were having on him. Recognizing a familiar sneering face, A.K. looked both ways and sent an *Avada Kedavra* into the cell just for the fun of it. At the last cell, he found what he was looking for. "Harry Potter."

A low pain-filled moan was all the answer he received.

"I've got porn."

Harry slowly looked towards the front of his prison cell and saw a ripple in the air indicating a disillusioned person. A rarely used raspy voice called out, "Who's there?" and proceeded to mumble under its breath, "And what kind of porn?"

A.K. canceled his disillusionment and became visible. He was checking out Harry's condition. He looked emaciated. His hair was scraggly, grayed, and oddly enough he'd lost most of it from the top of his head, not so much the sides or back. His facial hair was especially curious as he'd grown a long beard from only a central

point on his chin, but nothing on the rest of his face or upper lip. Frankly, it looked pretty horrible.

“Who are you?” Harry asked looking at the battle-hardened man who reminded him a bit of himself.

“I’m here to break you out,” A.K. explained. “But if you’re up to it, I could use some answers too.”

Harry shook his scraggly, bald, chin-pube covered head. “Don’t bother. *He’s* coming today to either recruit me or finish me off.”

“Oh yeah?” A.K. smiled. “Well that makes things easier. Can you talk while we wait? You need some food or water?”

Harry nodded slowly. “Both would be nice. I’m dehydrated. I’ve not even gotten any gruel in days. I barely have the strength to open my mouth and breathe, but right now I’m so furious with anger and rage you won’t even notice.”

A.K. looked at Harry’s calm and dulcet tone. “Right.” He quickly focused inwardly and transformed his body into its transparent ghostly form. He floated through the prison cell bars while Harry just watched him impressed. A.K. dug out a ration pack, conjured some water, and handed them to Harry.

Harry took the stuff and dug into it immediately. He glanced at A.K.’s badge. “Dark Lord Voldemuggle?”

A.K. shrugged and sat down on the blood and dirt caked floor across from Harry. He lit himself a cigarette and took a drag. “Sounded like as good a name as any. So tell me, what are you in for?”

“I’m innocent!” Harry demanded. “I was framed!”

“Yes, yes,” A.K. assured him. “I figured that much. I’m asking what you were framed for.”

Harry swallowed the food in his mouth and took a big drink of water. He sighed and began his tale. “It was my sixteenth birthday. No idea what happened. At midnight I received the usual owls and wishes

from my friends. Ron sent me a Chudley Cannons poster. I think it was orange.”

“It was,” A.K. said with a roll of his eyes and he resumed blowing smoke rings.

“Hermione sent me a...”

“A book,” A.K. suggested, hoping to stir Harry’s memory. “Perhaps on defense.”

“Yes, that was it, a book on defense.” Harry smiled.

“And some sort of homemade tasty treats from Mrs. Weasley, I’m sure. Can we get towards something that matters?”

Harry shook himself a bit and nodded. “Right. So, just after midnight I got the usual birthday greetings and went to bed. When I woke up in the morning, aurors had burst into my bedroom and stunned me immediately.”

“Convenient,” A.K. said. “Such useful wards Dumbledore has at Privet Drive.”

“Exactly!” Harry heartily agreed. “Anyways, next thing I wake up in a courtroom only I’m not in my right mind. I was having to fight some potion’s effects. I proclaimed my innocence, while everyone I know is giving me angry stares and calling me evil, dark, traitor. I don’t see Ginny anywhere, so I begin to think maybe she believes in me.”

“Aww crap,” A.K. sighed.

Harry shook his head. “And then I found out what I was being put on trial for.”

“Nice!” A.K. smiled.

“The murder of all three of the Dursleys.” Harry says with a dark and haunted look in his eyes.

“What?” A.K. asked. “You intentionally misled me there!”

“Hang on!” Harry insisted. “I’m not done yet!”

A.K. made a strained face and nodded.

Harry continued. “According to that mockery of a trial, I murdered the Dursleys at the exact same time I was the Burrow murdering Ginny Weasley!”

A.K. resisted the urge to jump for joy, but couldn’t keep the smile off his face.

“And then I find out, I was also seen murdering Rubeus Hagrid on Hogwarts grounds at that exact time as well!”

A.K. raised an eyebrow at the thoroughness of this frame-up.

“Apparently, Dumbledore just happened to have the Marauder’s Map with him and he saw me running from Hagrid into the Forbidden Forest.” Harry bitterly spat out. “Lupin, at the trial testified that a map made by school-kid pranksters decades ago is incontrovertible proof and can never be tricked.”

A.K. sighed.

“And at all three murders they found traces of my wand signature,” Harry tiredly added. “Or what was officially considered ‘close enough’ according to Fudge.”

“Alright, so let me get this straight,” A.K. recounted. “Framed for a bunch of murders, betrayed by Dumbledore, friends all testified against you, no one believes in your innocence, and most importantly Ginny Weasley is dead?”

Harry nodded sadly. “Actually there is one person who believes in me.”

A.K. thought about it. “Err... Neville? Luna? Or are you counting Dobby?”

Harry shook his head. “No they all testified against me.”

“Even Dobby?” A.K. asked in shock.

Harry grumbled. “Green little bastard has a history of betraying his *Masters*.” Harry sighed. “Fucker.”

A.K. was mildly impressed. “So who was it?”

“Believe it or not, it was Severus Snape. At the trial he assured me that he knew I was too much of a goody two shoes, nevermind the unlikelihood of committing crimes at the same time at several different sites, including Hogwarts with all of its wards.” Harry smiled weakly. “Just knowing there’s someone out there who knows I’m innocent has been keeping me going all this time.”

A.K. bit his bottom lip and looked away briefly. “Err... about that. You know, it’s possible people knew he believed in your innocence and he might have been imprisoned unjustly for it.”

“What?” Harry asked. “How? Why? Why would he do that?”

A.K. shrugged. “Life debt?”

“Oh.” Harry realized. “How do you know this?”

A.K. jerked back with his thumb. “I saw his cell on my way in here.”

Harry sagged in disappointment. “That’s... horrible.”

A.K. again wouldn’t meet Harry’s eyes. “I’m not certain, but he looked pretty dead to me.”

Harry said nothing as his eyes welled up a bit at the loss of hope.

“But on the plus side, I saw Bellatrix in the cell next to his. Any idea what that’s about?”

Harry shook his head. “Last I saw her was in the atrium of the Ministry of Magic. Voldemort grabbed her and made his dramatic exit. Maybe he’s placed her here to try and get close to me?”

“Seduce you?” A.K. asked. “Prison bitch old enough to be your mum with saggy Azkaban tits?”

Harry shrugged.

"Enh... maybe." A.K. said. "Or maybe your *Cruciatius* on her snapped her free of her *Imperius* curse and she's finally been released of the evil control she'd been held under for the last two decades. Maybe she's trying to repent by sending you secret information on the Death Eaters and got caught so Voldie had her put back in prison."

"Wouldn't he have killed her?"

A.K. shrugged. "We're talking about an insane mush-brained psychotic here, and how a completely nutters psychopathic wannabe Dark Lord would react. Your guess is as good as mine."

"Well I certainly wasn't receiving any secret information from an unnamed informant."

A.K. frowned. "Well of course not. You've got mail wards protecting you at Privet Drive, or else who knows how many bloody owls you would have gotten over the years. Not to mention how easy it'd be for the Death Eaters to track you down."

"Why the hell would she try and send me secret information then?" Harry argued.

"Hello! Insane mush-brained psychotic!"

"Right," Harry recalled. "So... could be anything."

"But what if she's really beautiful underneath it all? What if she's trying to repent because she feels so guilty she killed Sirius?"

Harry frowned harshly. "I'm not Dumbledore. Second chances are for honest mistakes and misunderstandings. Crazy bitch killed Sirius." Harry insisted. "Wouldn't be surprised if she killed Professor Snape too."

A.K.'s eyes perked up and he jumped at the chance. "You know, you're probably right."

Harry finished off his ration pack and looked up hopefully. "You got anymore food?"

A.K. dug into his pockets and pulled out another. "Yup, here you go kid." He tossed it to Harry who caught it deftly. "So how's life on the inside? If you didn't know about Bellatrix, does that mean you're not getting visions from Voldemort?"

Harry shook his head in disappointment. "No, I've been seeing plenty through his eyes. He's murdered hundreds and practically controls the entire wizarding world now. Entire towns razed to the ground. He's been putting off Azkaban, because he wants it to be the last and final conquest. From what I've gleaned of his plans, today's going to decide it all. I could've warned them all of so many attacks if only someone came to visit me."

"No one's come at all?" A.K. asked. "Not even to rub it in your face and call you names?"

Harry shrugged. "Well, occasionally aurors and guards will come and beat me."

A.K. wondered how long Harry had missed a woman's touch and nodded a bit. "Well, that's good I suppose."

"No they beat me," Harry clarified. "I didn't say *off* at the end. *Beat me* as in Lucius and Narcissa behind closed doors. Not *beat me* as in Cho in the prefect's bathroom for two galleons. Three if you want her to whisper things and moan."

"Ahh," A.K. nodded. "I gotcha. Gotta love those massage-less massages complete with happy endings."

A small smile spread across Harry's face just as a loud explosion sounded.

"Ruh-roh!" A.K. said with a smile. "I think it's show time."

Harry nodded and helped himself up.

“You sure you want to head on out of there, looking like this?” A.K. asked waving his hand in front of his face indicating Harry’s peculiar hair stylings.

Harry nodded. “Let the backstabbing traitors see what they’ve turned me into.”

A.K. shrugged and saw the point, but thought he’d rather a bad toupee than that sort of early balding. “You powerful enough to take down Voldemort? Azkaban magically turned into you into some sort of super-wizard by chance?”

Harry smirked and waved his hand, sending the entire row of prison bar’s crashing into the opposite wall.

A.K. looked at the new door and smiled. “Yeah, you should be fine. I won’t get in your way of Voldie then, but just know I got your back if it’s needed. Now let’s go put on a show.”

As soon as the pair of them walked outside of the cell they came upon a massive pair of dementors in full attack mode. The air was frigid while the other prisoners were screaming and wailing even more than usual.

A.K. gritted his teeth fighting the effects of the larger beast that was slowly floating towards him.

Harry stood there unflinching just staring at the other dementor, refusing to show any fear, or sign of weakness. The other dementor slowed its approach at the look of determination on Harry’s face. It’s progress stopped and it screeched at Harry. Harry just stood there, for all appearances completely unaffected. The dementor finally halted its screeching and turned the other way rapidly running away.

A.K. could have sworn he heard the bigger dementor in front of him mumble the word traitor, but figured it must have been his mind playing tricks on him. He was weakening as the dementor glided up to him. Once it was close enough, A.K. just leapt up into action and punched the dementor straight in the mouth, unhinging it’s jaw, knocking pieces of flesh and a few teeth flying.

"Fucking christ," the dementor moaned in pain as he was rubbing his broken jaw. "God dammit man, I'm just doing my job." The dementor turned around and began a sedate pace away from them. It continued to mumble to itself. "Do I go to where you work and break your fucking jaw? I don't think so. Stupid fucking assholes."

A.K. just looked at Harry who was looking back at him in confusion. "Did that..."

Harry just nodded dumbly. "Yeah. It did."

After a few moments of silence. A.K. gave up thinking about it and looked down at the grey dry flesh and chunks of bone stuck in his bleeding knuckles. "Just a second." He walked over to Bellatrix's cell and summoned her closer. He grabbed her through the bars and quickly used her filthy matted hair to clean off his hand. "Thanks Trixie." A.K. turned to Harry and smiled. "Alright, let's hurry up. I've no doubt the Order is fighting and losing. Should be fun to watch."

Harry smiled to see Bellatrix quietly moaning and shivering with her hair sticking off in all directions now.

The pair didn't encounter any more dementors along the way and found that they'd missed pretty much the entire battle. Order members lay dead and unmoving. Voldemort was standing triumphantly over Dumbledore's defeated, prone form holding the old man's wand in one hand and his own in the other. "Your leader is beaten!" He cheered loudly and looked down as Albus struggled to his knees. "Tell me, where is your savior now, old man?"

A.K. turned to Harry, "I suppose in the old days, that would have been your cue."

Harry seemed conflicted watching off from the side with A.K. Neither of them had been noticed yet. "Do we sit here and wait for him to kill the Headmaster? Or jump in now?"

A.K. shrugged. "It's your call. Personally, I find Albus serves a purpose usually. Running things, dealing with the paperwork, being the figurehead sort of crap that I doubt you want to do."

Voldemort trumpeted to a nearby Death Eater, "Go fetch Potter, Snape, and Bella! I want everyone here to witness this!"

"Moral dilemma averted," A.K. said happily as he motioned Harry forward.

"Why?" an angry and completely inexplicably present Ron Weasley yelled. "Gathering all your lieutenants to finish the job for you?"

A.K. turned to Harry and asked quietly, "Shouldn't he still be in school?"

Harry pursed his face in thought. "How long was I in for?"

A.K. cast a Tempus silently and looked at the date. "Err... sixteenth birthday would mean... about two weeks."

"That's it?" Harry asked incredulously. "It felt like lifetimes!"

A.K. shrugged thinking Harry's physical body did not hold up very well. "I think it's time to make our presence known."

As the Death eater approached them on his way into the prison, A.K. just calmly snapped his wand twice, exploding both of the approaching man's kneecaps. His screams of pain as he bled out in shock, attracted the attention their way. A.K. grinned ignoring the now much shorter Death Eater. "No need to fetch anyone! Snape's dead, Trixie has some nasty pieces of dementor jaw in her hair, and I think Harry here can speak for himself."

"Potter!" Everyone yelled at once, all with equal tones of loathing in their voices.

"Hey, you're popular!" A.K. grinned as they walked up calmly.

Harry had a look of cold, unrelenting determination on his face. "Tom."

Voldemort hissed but felt bristling at that name would be too clichéd. "Potter. Are you ready to take your rightful place by my side? After all everyone here has turned their backs on you, duplicitous traitors that

they are. Do you see how hypocritical the Wizarding World populace is? How little faith they have in you and will happily betray, you, their savior so easily?"

Harry paused for a moment. "All collective groups of people are completely ignorant sheep. The only intelligence is in individuals. Do you believe your little lackeys as a collective are any more loyal, trusting, or intelligent than the rest of the Wizarding World?"

Albus looked around confused. "What... what are you talking about?"

Voldemort looked at all the baffled faces of the captured Order members that remained alive. As well as the conveniently present schoolmates of Potter. "Oh yeah, you don't know. Potter was innocent. Framed, of course. I'm surprised none of you considered what a pussy he's been for the first sixteen years of his life." Voldemort pondered for a moment. "Anyways, think about how horrible you've been to him, and how you all stabbed him in the back, while I talk over his future with him."

"But... but the map," Remus pleaded, desperately hoping this was all a hoax.

"Ahh yes," Voldemort smiled victoriously. "The infamous Marauder's Map. Surely you remember who made the map: Prongs, Padfoot, Moony, and Wormtail. Dead, dead, evil dark creature, and... Wormtail."

"Of course! Peter!" Albus said understanding things finally.

Voldemort nodded. "Exactly. He's a complete fucking idiot as a grown-up and you expect shit he helped make with other fucking idiots when he was younger to matter? I think I drew a picture of a fire truck when I was five. Maybe that could implicate Potter for arson?"

"You have proof?" Ron perked up and asked.

Voldemort turned to Harry and asked, "Err... Potter? Is this going to affect our discussion any?"

Harry shook his head. "Not in the slightest."

"*Avada Kedavra!*" Voldemort called out aiming his wand at the youngest living Weasley. Ron fell over dead wondering just what Harry had burned down. "Now while the rest of you stew in your guilt, I have a potential ally." He turned back to Harry. "You see Harry? You and I are so very similar. We both enjoyed seeing him die."

A.K. raised his hand. "I kind of did too."

"Who are you?" Voldemort asked A.K. curiously.

A.K. shook his head. "No one of consequence for the moment. Isn't Harry who you need to be talking to right now?"

Harry turned to A.K. "Actually, you know I don't even know who you are either."

"I'll explain it later," A.K. waved him off. "It's a long story."

Harry nodded, knowing his instincts told him that he could count on this guy. His longer term memory failed to recall that he felt the same way about most of the people who betrayed him. "Sorry, Tom. No I won't be joining you. Not even with the Wizarding World completely betraying me and turning on me, burning all of my stuff, calling me names and beating me."

Voldemort shrugged. "Well at least you got that."

"Not that kind of beating!" Harry insisted.

"You sure about this Potter?" Voldemort argued. "I mean I'm happy to kill you, but you do remind me a bit of myself."

"You were the one who framed me, if you remember." Harry explained. "And of course our connection means I get stuck feeling all of the bad things you do, there's the prophecy flat out stating one of us has to kill the other, you killed my parents, and hit me with a Killing curse when I was a fucking baby. I'm not sure there's any way to look past all of that."

Voldemort nodded and agreed with all of that. "If you prefer death, so be it. *Avada Kedavra!*"

Harry calmly stood there and stuck his hand in the air catching the powerful glowing green spell. "You'll have to do better than that." He explained as he stared into the glowing green ball of light he held.

"Avada Kedavra! Avada Kedavra!"

Harry tossed the first one in the air and caught the next two. As soon as the first green ball came down he began juggling the three of them.

"What sort of magic is this?" Voldemort insisted angrily.

A.K. shook his head. "Actually, that's not magic. It's just takes a little practice at keeping all three in the air. I'm sure you could learn to juggle three as well. Moving up to four or more is where you need talent."

Harry just kept staring at Voldemort and continued juggling the three Killing curses in the air. Occasionally he threw one a little higher and would go between his legs, just for showmanship.

"Who the hell are you?" Voldemort insisted again looking at A.K.

A.K. looked over at Harry and saw he was doing just fine. "I don't think you want to know."

"No, no." Voldemort retorted. "I really do."

A.K. shrugged. "You're decent at Legilimency I assume, I'll let you take a peek and get the highlights." A.K. quickly schooled his shields and provided a funnel to several of the more fun destructions of Voldemort as well as a quick consensus on who he was and what he did.

With a mental push Voldemort slammed his way into the mind of A.K. and saw the thoughts A.K. wanted him to see. Voldemort hurried out of there as fast as he could and began screaming. "No! No! You stay the hell away from me!"

A.K. grinned and hurriedly cast a massive protection dome sealing Voldemort in there with Harry and himself. "I told you, you wouldn't want to know."

Voldemort began firing spells at the dome and was trying to figure a way out while Harry just kept juggling and watching him. Harry turned to A.K. "Now I'm really curious who you are."

A.K. jerked his thumb towards Voldemort. "Finish him off, and I'll give you a more pleasant version of what he saw."

Harry nodded while he kept staring at Voldemort and keeping all three spells in constant motion. After a few moments where Voldemort was panicking and pounding on the dome, calling for Death Eaters to help him, Harry whispered to A.K., "Erm... any bright ideas on the best way to kill him?"

A.K. snickered. "Why don't you combine those three curses into one and then make up a new spell that will burn him from the inside out?"

"Can I do that?"

A.K. shrugged. "Won't know until you try."

Harry began moving his juggling closer and closer and the balls began going faster and faster until they joined into one larger bright glowing hunk of green death magic. With a whip of his arms the ball flew through the air, right as Voldemort turned back towards them and it hit him solidly in the abdomen. Voldemort had a moment as his eyes widened before his body exploded in light and flared up as he was being burned from the inside out.

"Nice work," A.K. congratulated.

Harry slapped his scar and hurried his presence down their mental connection. He saw Voldemort's body was completely toast here, but that he was taking all of the marked Death Eaters with him. He followed those links and felt the other Death Eaters all screaming in pain as they too were being burned and dying as Voldemort sucked their life essence in.

Harry found what he was looking for and whispered mentally into the young spy's head. "*Draco.*"

"Potter? Is that you?" came the anguished mental call back. *"I'm a spy! I'm a spy for the light!"*

Harry grinned peacefully. *"I know. But luckily no one knows that I know. Just wanted to say goodbye."*

Draco pleaded and gasped. *"Wait! But you... I mean... wh-"*

And Harry happily withdrew from the links as all the marked Death Eaters perished. He was thinking Draco never really learned that lesson about making friends with the wrong sort.

A.K. smiled knowingly at Harry. "Listen kid, this just got a tad bit more complicated."

Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Your Voldemort over there pulled off one of the particularly nasty immortality rituals. You've toasted his body, but he ain't going to be dead."

Harry grit his teeth. "Shit."

A.K. shook his head. "Don't worry about it. It makes sense to me as to why I'm here now. I'm going take him and put him somewhere he won't ever be a problem again. But I just wanted you to know what I'm doing. You're going to need to play it off as though he's really dead and you've really killed him for the last time. Don't let on to anyone that this didn't fully finish him off. Okay?"

Harry nodded. "My instincts are telling me to just agree with you on this one."

A.K. turned himself invisible and went over to the massive glowing rippling ball of light. To the outside world it appeared as the spell had flickered and died taking the taint of Voldemort away forever. But from in the dome, Harry could feel that wasn't exactly what had happened. Instantly, A.K. flickered back inside the dome, right next to Harry. "That was good work, kid." A.K. waved his wand and stabbed it three times in the air, dispelling the massive transparent dome that had kept them encased.

A.K. slung an arm around Harry and the pair began walking over the dead Death Eaters and defeated Order members. "So what now, Harry?"

"Now?" Harry asked with a slight smile. "Now, I'm thinking of getting the hell out of this god forsaken country. Let the wizards here fester in their own ignorance."

Albus leaned on his conjured cane and made his way to his feet. "I'm afraid I can't allow that to happen, Harry. First we must get your name officially cleared, and then it is imperative that you finish your schooling at Hogwarts."

Harry was about to snap at the Headmaster when A.K. put a calming hand on him. "Actually Albus, I don't think that's a very good idea."

"And who might you be?" Albus asked as he tried to straighten up his posture.

A.K. raised his hands. "No one of consequence to this world. But I need to know, have you ever heard of the Immortal Rites of Hagen?"

Albus stiffened immediately. "Only in legend."

A.K. nodded. "As long as you get the general gist of it. The hundred years?"

"The what?" Harry asked.

Albus frowned and explained. "The legend says that those protected through Hagen's magic, a demonic ancient God of sorts, are immortal. Their bodies can be destroyed but they will continue to come back. They hold true for bodiless spirits for a hundred years they claim."

"Excellent!" A.K. smiled. "Because surprisingly, Riddle here managed to unearth a bit more information than you and pulled it off."

"What!" Albus gasped.

A.K. nodded with a sad smile. "Yeah. It's not a pretty one. I think it requires actually eating the heart of your own child, so he must have

had some twisted arse experiements going on. Either way, I'm pretty sure he still has a few horcruxes around this planet as well."

Albus' eyes widened.

Harry looked at A.K. "Do I even want to know what a horcrux is?"

A.K. shrugged. "I'll explain it later. But I thought Albus might want to keep it to himself that Voldemort is guaranteed to continue to exist for another century, assuming he doesn't regain another body."

Albus looked a bit panicked. "What do we do?"

"Nothing!" A.K. grinned. "I've got him locked up in a special place. But his existence does provide young Harry here with a bit of leverage on you. So running to your Wizengamot and trying to pass laws that force him back to all the backstabbing traitors or even extenuatingly annoying him are not in your best interests."

"You wouldn't dare!" Albus insisted. "You know he's evil and must be destroyed."

A.K. shrugged. "Tell me Albus, if I can so easily keep him down for the next century, don't you think, I could just as easily take Harry here to somewhere better and instead give Riddle this world as his personal prison instead?"

Harry smiled up at A.K. "I really have no idea who you are and how you can do the things you claim to."

A.K. grinned. "Well just for Albus' sake, I'm going to drop one of my nullification fields. Now why don't you wave that spiffy little wand of yours Albus and cast a *Point Me Harry Potter*."

Albus did so reluctantly and his wand kept rapidly flittering between pointing at Harry and A.K. "You mean..."

A.K. nodded. "I'm just another Harry Potter, dropping by to visit your back-asswards world where you imprisoned Harry for the stupidest fucking reasons around. Now you know I can hop through worlds and therefore can take Harry away and leave you to rot with Voldemort.

But I also hold your Voldemort in my hands and will keep him away from this world for its next one hundred years, as long your Harry Potter is doing okay.”

Harry looked up at A.K. as he was beginning to catch on. “You could take me to another world?”

A.K. shrugged. “Yeah, I could. But there’s an awful lot of this world you’ve not seen yet. Canada’s got some top notch wizarding schools and they aren’t half as fucked up as Britain. I’d recommend not sticking around here, because even Albus here knows the best thing for all involved is to announce that Voldemort is really dead and not spread this information any further than it already has. And I suspect Albus will be a lot more forthcoming in dealing with you and staying the fuck away from you for the rest of your natural life.”

Albus stared at A.K. shrewdly. A.K. smirked back, “Would you like to see what I showed Tom?”

Albus considered it and nodded. A.K. didn’t even wait for Albus to cast a Legilimens probe. He simply grabbed a hold of Albus’ consciousness and forced the thoughts into his head. Albus eyes clenched shut as he was forced to rapidly process the information. A.K. smiled. “I’d recommend working on your organization of thoughts because those aren’t going to be accessible to a pensieve. Happy trails, Headmaster.”

Albus took a moment to process a few of the images of Voldemorts dying before being unable to contain it and turning to the side to throw up.

A.K. pulled Harry with him and they continued on walking. “Now you got the gist of who I am, and trust me, you don’t want to see what I’ve shared with Voldemort and now your former Headmaster.”

Harry nodded. “Err... okay.”

A.K. turned and looked at Harry seriously. “You’re not the first Harry Potter I’ve met who was framed and thrown into Azkaban. And I doubt you’ll be the last. But you’ve got your whole life ahead of you. If you want my advice, get the hell away from here. Go to Australia,

America, somewhere other than Hogwarts, Britain, and everything that these backstabbing traitor filled places symbolize.”

Harry sighed and agreed. “I don’t want to be here.”

“You shouldn’t be here.” A.K. insisted. “You deserve a fresh start.” He grabbed a hold of Harry and apparated them both off of the island and into a shadowy corner of Diagon Alley. It took a fair amount of power but A.K. had plenty of itching at the surface he never got to use after this Harry took down Voldemort. “I’m not saying never come back here. Nor to never forgive everyone here. But you won’t be able to be around these people, go to class with them, see them at the same stores, and not be angry enough to turn all Dark Lord-ish on them.”

Harry smiled.

A.K. chuckled. “Okay, so that wouldn’t be *all* that bad a thing to do.”

Harry snickered.

“But still,” A.K. continued. “A fresh start here, or one on another world makes very little difference. Only you’ve got sixteen years of experience with this world, with these people, and in time you’ll understand what to expect of them. And in case Albus is too stupid, lazy, or dies, you’ve also got a hundred years to track down and destroy some horcruxes before they become slightly dangerous.”

“What is a horcrux?” Harry asked.

A.K. grinned. “Another attempt at immortality. A way to split your soul. Voldemort probably has a half dozen of them around. The diary you destroyed was one, Nagini is probably another. But you’ve got a lot of time to figure it all out.”

“So I haven’t really finished off Voldemort?” Harry considered. “You did.”

A.K. shrugged. “Not exactly. I’m sort of hanging on to him while you finish the job. Listen up kid, I’m getting out of here. We’re right around the corner from Gringotts. You look like shit, so no one will recognize

you anyway, but head on in there. Tell them you're moving your vault to another Gringotts branch and they'll set you up for moving. Buy yourself someplace nice. Pick up a house elf to help you maintain it. Finish school and take a few years just being someone you want to be. Then, when you can think of these damn people without taking joy in the look on your former best friend's face when he was killed, only then decide if you ever want to come back to this shithole of a country. Can you handle that?"

Harry nodded. "It's a lot more than I'd hoped for. Though I still feel like I haven't done my duty."

"Fuck your duty," A.K. insisted as he began casting his dimension hopping magic. "In the eyes of everyone else, it's been done. But the only difference is that you see me as someone else."

Harry frowned for a moment.

A.K. waved as he flickered away. "We're both nothing more than Harry Potter."

WORLD #501 – The One with Another

The thick and pungent stench of death stung A.K.'s nostrils immediately. His eyes began to water as he took in his surroundings. The misty haze was tinted red and orange in the twilight hours and it gave a sickening beauty to the blood-covered battlefield. It resembled a slaughterhouse more than an empty plain near a grove of trees. A.K. turned around and looked in all directions. For every butchered, broken lifeless body of an auror or Order member there were a dozen dead Death Eaters to match. The battle was over but there was a tension still hanging in the air.

A.K. squinted his eyes looking for a sign of movement or life that could be salvaged. He wasn't sure why he had appeared in this world, at this time. A flicker of movement in the corner of his eyes and A.K. saw a pale disfigured body convulsing. As A.K. began looking closer he could tell, the body was dead, the complete absence of a head made sure of that, but it was still being cut. The air above the carcass seemed to bend, and a disillusioned beast came into view. The body wasn't being cut. It was being carved and sliced by paws the size of dinner plates.

Suddenly, A.K. realized what that smell was and just what sort of beast this was. A massive nundu, as tall as a man and twice as long turned its curious head towards A.K. who immediately halted his movement towards the creature.

Its angry green eyes bore into A.K. inquisitively. And while the eyes answered so many questions, the decapitated head of the Lord Voldemort in its open, drooling mouth raised some new ones. The nundu stared at A.K. as it crunched up the pale Dark Lord's skull as if it were nothing more than a big hunk of peanut brittle. The massive cat spit out most of the chunky pink mush, and a large tongue snaked out of its mouth licking its face clean. It tilted its head at A.K. for a moment, before leaping seven meters into the air and covering the distance between them in a single bound. At the apex of its jump, it transformed into a strong and powerful warrior who landed smoothly in a crouch, prepared to attack.

A.K. just stood there impassively, not showing any sign of being terribly impressed and took in the man right before him. "Hiya Harry."

Harry Potter was well over six and a half feet tall and pure chiseled muscle. His mere presence commanded more respect and warned of more danger than should be physically possible. And yet here before him, was a man he did not know, but still seemed to hold no fear of him. He recognized the pain and wisdom in a warrior's eye when he saw it, and yet his instincts told him he could trust this man. "Who are you?"

A.K. smiled to see Harry wasn't going to be attacking him. That was a battle he could definitely do without right now. "Me? I'm A.K. and I'm a bit... confused." A.K. walked right past Harry to get a closer look at the mauled body and pile of pink mush that used to be Voldemort's head. He stared at it, while knowing Harry was watching him, and concluded completely, "Voldemort's dead. For good, for real, and he's not coming back." A.K. turned to watch Harry's reaction.

Harry nodded and sheathed a sword that A.K. hadn't even seen nor heard him draw. "Yes he is." Harry exhaled a breath and seemed to relax slightly. "But I don't feel satiated."

A.K.'s eyes perked up and saw the tenseness and itching that seemed to be driving this Harry Potter. "Aww... *shit*." A.K. plopped himself down on the ground and pulled out his cigarettes. He lit one and took a drag. "Have a seat, Harry. We need to talk."

Harry saw A.K. relaxing and appearing to settle in for a long discussion. "No."

A.K. smirked at Harry. "No?"

Harry shook his head. "I've Death Eaters to hunt. Beasts to put down."

A.K. shook his head and enjoyed his cigarette. "No Harry, you don't."

"I trust my instincts," Harry insisted. "And my work isn't done."

A.K. nodded heartily. "That's true. But that's what we need to talk about."

Harry's eyes narrowed. "What do you know?"

A.K. reached into one of his pockets and dug out a bottle of firewhiskey. He showed it Harry, before taking a swig for himself. He then offered the bottle to Harry. "Trust me, have a seat. And I know why you feel that itch and desire to track down Voldemort or Death Eaters or evil or whatever it is, even though you are unable to."

Harry stared at A.K. for a long tense moment before looking around in all directions, taking the bottle and falling backwards onto his ass. "Alright. I'm listening."

"I'm sure your magic doesn't want you to relax, but you're going to need to learn to ignore that for a bit." A.K. explained as he took a drag off his smoke. "I'm guessing you made an oath to defeat Voldemort, Death Eaters, evil incarnate or something of the sort."

Harry nodded swallowing the firewhiskey in his mouth.

A.K. smiled wanly. "And you happened to have unfortunately included some wording involving the ends of eternity, across all the worlds or plains of existence or something of the sort."

Harry slowly pulled the bottle from his mouth and began to worry about what he'd done. He saw A.K. was waiting for a response. "He killed my wife, and I swore I would see him die no matter where he went, no matter what form he took, no matter what world he tried to hide on."

"Wife, eh?" A.K. asked. "Mind if I ask who?"

"Ginny," Harry whispered almost reverently.

A.K. sighed and nodded. "Ginny Weasley. Well, I'm sorry for your loss."

Harry ignored the condolences and drank more of the firewhiskey. "How'd you know about the oath?"

A.K. smirked. "I know because I was dumb enough to make a similar oath. And it's the only reason I'd be here, seeing as you seemed quite capable of handling your Voldemort."

"My Voldemort?" Harry asked in disbelief.

A.K. nodded as he stamped out his cigarette. He reached out and took the bottle of firewhiskey from Harry. He took a big swallow and handed it back. "Yup, your Voldemort. Or rather *this world's* Voldemort."

"I take it this isn't your world then?"

"A smart one," A.K. smiled. "That's a bit of relief."

Harry smiled back at A.K. waiting for him to explain.

A.K. lit himself another cigarette. "What you need to know is that I too made the same unfortunate mistake you did. I swore to defeat my Voldemort in any form."

"Your...?" Harry paused and realized, "You're Harry Potter."

A.K. nodded. "Yes sir I am. It just gets too confusing telling Harry Potters that I'm also Harry Potter. So I go by the name A.K."

"Telling Harry Potters?" Harry asked.

A.K. took a long, slow drag from his cigarette. "I swore to defeat Voldemort in every form. But before I made that oath, I'd spent a couple of years studying the Veil in the Department of Mysteries. I wanted to know if Sirius was dead or where he went. So I studied an awful lot about alternate dimensions, dimensional gateways, portals, and eventually completely unraveled how to travel and control when and where I wanted to travel. When I finally defeated my Voldemort, I was stuck feeling that same itching and desire that's bugging you right now."

Harry tipped back the near empty bottle of firewhiskey and sucked the backwash out of it. He sighed again and reached into his own

battle cloak pulling out a fresh bottle of Ogden's finest. He cracked it open, took a swig and handed it to A.K.

A.K. smirked at how much this Harry reminded him of himself. "Thanks. And that's why I've been dimension hopping for an awful long time now, helping out worlds with their Voldemort problems, and more often than not helping out Harry Potters too."

Harry thought about everything he'd lost to Voldemort. "So are you here to help me out?"

A.K. shrugged. "I'm here to help you with your itch."

Harry smirked at A.K. and opened his mouth.

"Don't," A.K. warned him as he pointed straight at him. "You know damn well what I meant."

Harry snapped his mouth closed and smiled.

A.K. grumbled about petulant youth.

Harry's smile relaxed a little and he asked. "So what? You're here to teach me how to dimension hop and hunt down Voldemorts too?"

A.K. smiled lightly. "Nope. I'm not going to teach you dimension traveling."

"What?" Harry asked. "Why not?"

A.K. exhaled smoke. "Because you don't need to know."

"Then why are you here?"

A.K. took the bottle from Harry. "To take you with me."

Harry raised an eyebrow at A.K.

"Listen Harry," A.K. explained. "Hmm... we're going to need to give you another name too. But anyways, you're in a similar situation to me, except for one big difference. I know how to do, what we're going

to be doing. Do you have any understanding about alternate universes or dimensions?”

“Until you showed up, I didn’t think they were possible.”

“Alright.” A.K. nodded. “But do you have any idea how many there are?”

Harry shook his head and sipped the firewhiskey.

A.K. winced a bit and told him. “There’s an infinite amount. Which means, if your oath had its way, you’d be doing this until you die or the end of time.”

Harry pulled the bottle from lips slowly and started to notice just how old A.K.’s eyes looked the more he talked. Harry argued, “I’ve nothing here holding me back. I’d been training for this day nonstop for the past eight years. I haven’t thought about anything other than fighting since I lost my wife. I don’t think it’s coincidence that you tell me the rest of my life is going to be exactly what my life has been up to this point.”

A.K. shrugged. “That’s fine. But I’m still not going to teach you the dimension hopping magic.”

Harry stiffened, getting a bit irritated. “Why not?”

“Listen kid,” A.K. sneered. “We’re not negotiating here. Let me lay it out for you. I’ve been doing this a hell of a lot longer than you’ve even been alive. Knowing the dimension traveling magic, I’ll admit, is practically a god-like power. There is no magic that can even match it in pure usefulness. But it is way too dangerous to share unnecessarily. If I were to teach you, with that oath you’ve got, you would be completely at its mercy. Right now, I could leave this world and you’d spend the rest of your life with a mild itch to be fighting. But you would have a life. You would have a home. You would have people who weren’t meeting you for the first time. If you know the magic, the oath’s hold on you is that much stronger.”

Harry sighed. “I don’t have a choice in this, do I?”

A.K. shook his head. "You don't have to come with me."

Harry frowned.

"But, as for getting your fix and satiating that desire to fight," A.K. shrugged. "I'm your only hook-up, and these are my rules. I'm not offering any more than that. But you come with me, after a few years you decide you want to stay on a nice world, I can leave you behind. Or you might convince me to teach you the magic just to get your irritating arse off my back. This is how it is."

"The oath that strong when you know how to dimension hop?" Harry asked.

A.K. sighed. "I'm here talking to you, aren't I?"

Harry sat there quietly processing everything he'd been told. "So... I get a new name?"

A.K. chuckled. "Well, calling you Harry would get confusing in a lot of the places we'll be."

"Do I get to choose it?"

"I suppose so, but I'm going to have to agree with it."

"Okay," Harry smiled. "Because I learned this curse called the *Jumbliatus*—"

"If it's an anagram, the answer is no."

"What? Oh come on... but—"

"No," A.K. insisted firmly.

Harry frowned a bit. "What if I shorten to just *Orjasm*?"

A.K.'s eyes widened in shock. "No! For satan's sake, no!"

Harry childishly chugged the rest of the firewhiskey and pouted.

“Actually,” A.K. smiled in remembrance of some advice he’d received a while back. “I got a good name for you.”

Harry looked determined. “I don’t give a flying fuck what you say. You’re not calling me B.K.!”

A.K. laughed. “No, I’m not. I was thinking you might like the name *Deuce*.”

“Deuce?” Harry said, trying out the name. “Because I’m like the second dimension hopping Harry Potter with you? And because it has a nice old army buddy feel to it?”

A.K. smirked and just said, “Whatever.”

“I like it,” Harry smiled. “Deuce and A.K.”

A.K. shook his head. “You like that better than A.K. and Deuce?”

“My way is much better,” the newly christened Deuce patronizingly explained.

A.K. figured that if in the eyes of magic, Deuce was A.K.’s pussy, then A.K. wouldn’t mind so much that his name came second Deuce’s preferred way. “Alright then, first thing we should do is secure your horcrux.”

Deuce stiffened for a moment. He carefully admitted, “It’s as safe as I could make it.”

“Good for you,” A.K. agreed. “But we can make it a whole lot safer if you want.”

Deuce considered it and suggested, “Why don’t we get to know each other a bit better before I trust you with something like that.”

A.K. nodded. “Fair enough, but after you’ve had to go through a few painful lengthy regrowths and years of consciousness in an incubator, you let me know. Because we can create a dimension accessible to you and only you. Where it takes but a thought to gain an identical

body that replaces you immediately where and when you were. I can give you the triggers without teaching you the magic.”

Deuce raised an eyebrow at the efficacy of A.K.’s system. “I’ll keep it in mind.”

“Other than that,” A.K. explained. “We just got to gather up your stuff, say your goodbyes, or whatever else you need to do here before leaving.”

Deuce sat back and dug out some more alcohol. He took a slow sip of whiskey. “I made preparations in case I died today, or in case I simply didn’t come back. If it ended and I lived, I was making sure I could just disappear and leave if I wanted. So I’ve got everything I need with me.” Deuce tapped the charm on his necklace. “Got an auror’s trunk with a room I live in when I need to.”

A.K. smirked and pulled his own miniaturized trunk out of his pocket.

“But before we go anywhere,” Deuce grinned recognizing the same style of trunk. “I want to know more about you. Tell me about your world.”

“My world?” A.K. chuckled. “It’s been so long, and I’ve seen so many worlds, I barely remember anything about my world.”

Deuce shook his head. “I find that hard to believe. You’ve got to remember your friends, classmates, loves, betrayals, the bitches and bastards, your first Voldemort, something.”

A.K. shrugged. “I really don’t. I’ve seen the good side and bad side of just about everyone including and especially us. And they all sort of blend together to create general profiles to expect from people, but also serve as warnings of what to watch out for.”

Deuce frowned. “Fine. I’ll get more out of you later, but give me one thing you remember about your world. Just one, and I’ll drop it for now.”

A.K. sighed as he stamped out his cigarette. "Alright... one thing I do remember clearly is..." A.K. paused and thought about it. "...is getting sent to boot camp."

"Boot camp?" Deuce asked with a smile. "That's... unsurprising."

A.K. nodded thinking back to his past. He pulled out another cigarette and lit it.

"So what's up with the smoking?" Deuce asked. "It doesn't seem very Harry Potter-ish."

A.K. smiled brightly. "I think you're going to be a bit surprised at how your definition of Harry Potter-ish is going to change."

Deuce felt a little disconcerted at A.K.'s smug tone and continued. "No really, why do you smoke?"

A.K. grinned as he inhaled and exhaled deeply. "Well, there's a number of wonderful reasons to smoke, but mainly I just do it to piss off the people around me. Makes me feel more comfortable when they're uneasy."

Deuce chuckled. "I figured it was something like that." Deuce smirked at A.K., "Could I get a cigarette?"

A.K. snapped his head towards Deuce a little curious at how badly he was being mocked and insulted. "Sure." A.K. smiled handing him a smoke.

Deuce lit it with his wand and relaxed back, giving the bad habit a try. He exhaled. "Pissing you off yet?"

A.K. grinned. "Getting there."

Deuce smiled victoriously before adopting a curious look. "So hang on. If there's an infinite number of dimensions, and each one is existing separate from the others, then shouldn't there be an infinite number of dimension hoppers like you?"

"Your logic is sound."

“So why couldn’t I just get one of them to teach me dimension hopping? Why do you automatically assume that I’ve been assigned to be specifically *your* little understudy and partner?”

“Because my oath brought me here?”

Deuce paused. “Oh... right. So have you met another dimension hopper?”

“Listen, Deuce,” A.K. smirked. “I don’t think your mind is ready to wrap around the concepts of more of me out there, when you’re still not really comprehending that I’m Harry Potter, just the same as you are. It takes some time to get used to these ideas. And frankly I don’t think the idea of our interdimensional locker room would sit too well with you.”

“So there are more of you?”

A.K. nodded. “I’ve met many named A.K.”

Deuce stopped for a moment and thought about it. His head began to hurt. “Interdimensional locker room?”

A.K. chuckled “Yup. There are a few artifacts or items created that you may decide are too dangerous and powerful to exist. The problem with hiding them on another world leaves them susceptible to the evils of that world. So we have our own storage facility outside of any dimension with our own lockers for all the really ridiculous stuff. As well as some cells for locking up the immortal Voldemorts. If there’s a Voldemort who learns about dimension hopping, a lot of times we all need to react fast. And there’ll sometimes be a notice up on the message board asking for help.”

Deuce wondered if he’d just signed up to join the weirdest gym in the world. “So there’s an infinite number of bastards just like you?”

A.K. shook his head. “Nope, not an infinite amount of others just like me. Like I said, your mind is not ready to wrap around these concepts.”

“Well... if not an infinite amount... how many are there?”

“Forty-two.”

“Forty-two?”

“Yup. Forty-two. That’s the limit.”

“But that doesn’t make any sense.”

A.K. shrugged. “It makes perfect sense to me, and after a while, you may understand it yourself. But for now, just trust me. There’s forty-two of me even though there are an infinite amount of Harry Potters.”

Deuce saw the unconcerned honesty on A.K.’s face and realized he didn’t quite get this yet.

“So how do you know where to go?” Deuce asked, still enjoying his smoke. “How do you pick which world?”

“It’s all in the oath,” A.K. explained. “I can choose a time, or a place, but the magic itself will handle the choosing if you let it. That way I won’t end up in a world where Voldemort’s already gone, my help isn’t needed, or there’s another A.K. taking care of business there. The oath wants to be fulfilled, and will guide me to the right place at the right time.” A.K. frowned for a moment and added, “For the most part. Sometimes it gets a bit cheeky.”

Deuce nodded thinking that made sense.

“But I think I’ll pick us a good place to pop your cherry,” A.K. smiled. “I got just the sort of world in mind.”

Deuce nodded and stamped out his cigarette. He stood up and offered his hand to pull A.K. up. “I’m ready to give this a try. My adrenaline is pumping and I still want to fight.”

A.K. dusted off his ass and briefly thought this was another of the Powers That Be’s manipulations. Trying to save A.K.’s humanity by giving him a friend. A.K. decided that would be a pondering for another time. He pulled out his wand and began casting the dimension hopping magic. He pinpointed a specific deviation from the

normal world and held his arm out. "Hang on to me. I think it's time you get a look at what your life has just become."

Deuce checked his weapons to make sure he was ready. He wandlessly cast and reinforced a shield around his body. He pooled his magic to the surface and grabbed onto A.K.

The world flickered black in and out of existence, with a few brief moments of the deep blue ether in between, before the pair reappeared in the midst of an oddly familiar yet different bedroom. There was a figure sleeping in a small but respectable sized bed with the blankets covering their body.

"What the hell is this?" Deuce asked in confusion as he assessed there to be no immediate threats anywhere.

"*This* is another dimension," A.K. explained to his new partner. "And this is a world that desperately needs our help."

Deuce quietly walked over towards the bed. "This is its Harry?"

A.K. shook his head with a mischievous smile. "No Deuce, this isn't its Harry. This is its *Harriet*."

Deuce stumbled back at the sight of the dark-haired sleeping young girl with the lightning bolt scar on her head. "Harriet Potter? Dear god!"

A.K. nodded. "This is the kind of stuff we're going to be seeing for a long time."

Deuce looked over at the nightstand by the bed and saw a smiling snarky blonde boy in the picture. He gasped, "But... what...?"

A.K. nodded. "That's Malfoy alright. Probably the boyfriend."

"I think I'm going to be sick!"

A.K. smirked as he lit a cigarette. "How do you think your Ginny would feel?"

Deuce's eyes flared in anger and he looked at A.K. hopefully. "Can I... can I kill it?"

A.K. relaxed back and couldn't help but feel inordinately proud at how quickly Deuce identified an enemy and immediately dehumanized them. "I wish you would."

"*Avada Kedavra!*"

The words to the most useful, merciful, and utilitarian curse in existence were like music to A.K.'s ears, but they stirred up an unrelated memory for him. "Oh that reminds me. I've got some pictures of your mother-in-law that you really should see."

THE END

Author's Note: *Too many different worlds to visit. I wrote as many as my interest could hold. Glad you all read this far, and thanks a ton for all the comments. And a big thanks to the fine folks over at the darklordpotter .net forums for helping me as I wrote these individual worlds. If anyone else wants to give a few worlds a try, be my guest. Maybe one big fifty thousand word one-shot would have been easier, but I was fishing for more individual comments on the separate worlds. I didn't foresee any end to this and always intended it as such. Now, if inspiration strikes in the future, or I just have some worlds I want to write, they will pick up with both A.K. and Deuce. Knowing my cheesiness, I bet a sequel would be called Dimension Hopping for Novices. But as of right now, I don't have the desire to write more. A never-ending plotline like this can always be added onto easily or I even had ideas on how to end the never-ending plotline. No promises on wanting to do more of these, but I'm leaving the door open. I think I'm going to work a Harry Potter/Firefly crossover next. That one is intended to be a longer storyline, not a one-shot.*

Thanks again for all the responses, and please leave me one more review telling me what you thought about the fic as a whole.